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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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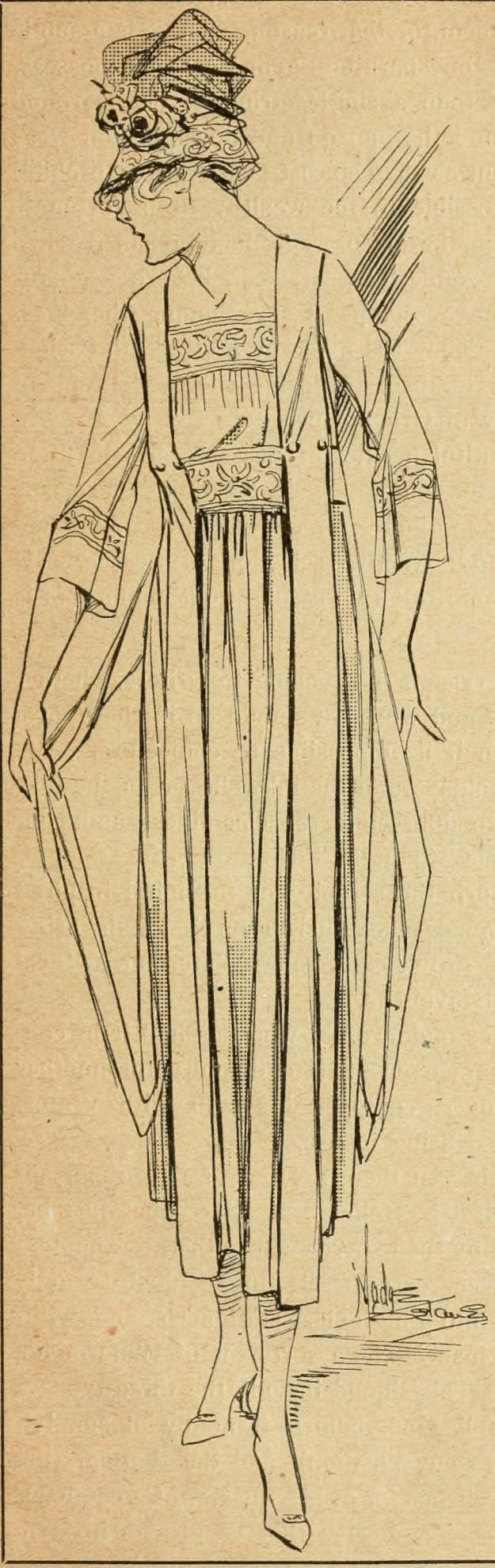

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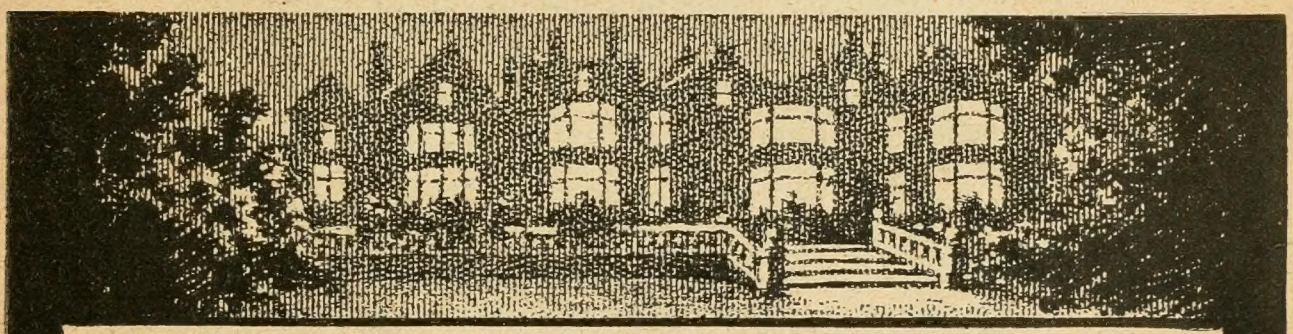

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New Spring Millinery

¶ The new spring hats are very simple in style, but certainly most effective and becoming. The close-fitting little toque is, of course, very much in favour just now, but there are plenty of large hats for the coming sunny summer days which are very becoming and picturesque. A good many of the new hats at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, are made of satin and tulle, and, of course, the veil is used a great deal as a decorative trimming on large and small hats. A small hat of silver-grey is an example of how tulle and satin can be effectively combined with the addition of a little ostrich feather trimming. Another hat may be mentioned as a novel and striking model in a small size, made of brick silk *crêpe*, the brim underlined with black. Narrow ribbon bands of mauve and royal blue are arranged round the crown and silk ornaments of the same colours finish off the front. A large picture hat in satin charmeuse in *lapis lazuli* has a wide brim underlined with petunia aerophane; the brim is rolled up at the back, where there is a big bow of petunia velvet, a flower of the same shade being arranged on the crown in front. A charming little hat in navy block tulle with a high crown and little silver-bound brim and floral wreath, and a large black tulle hat very wide at the sides with wheat and daisies swathed in the tulle on the brim and a yellow bow on the crown, are two other attractive models.

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The Curfew Bell

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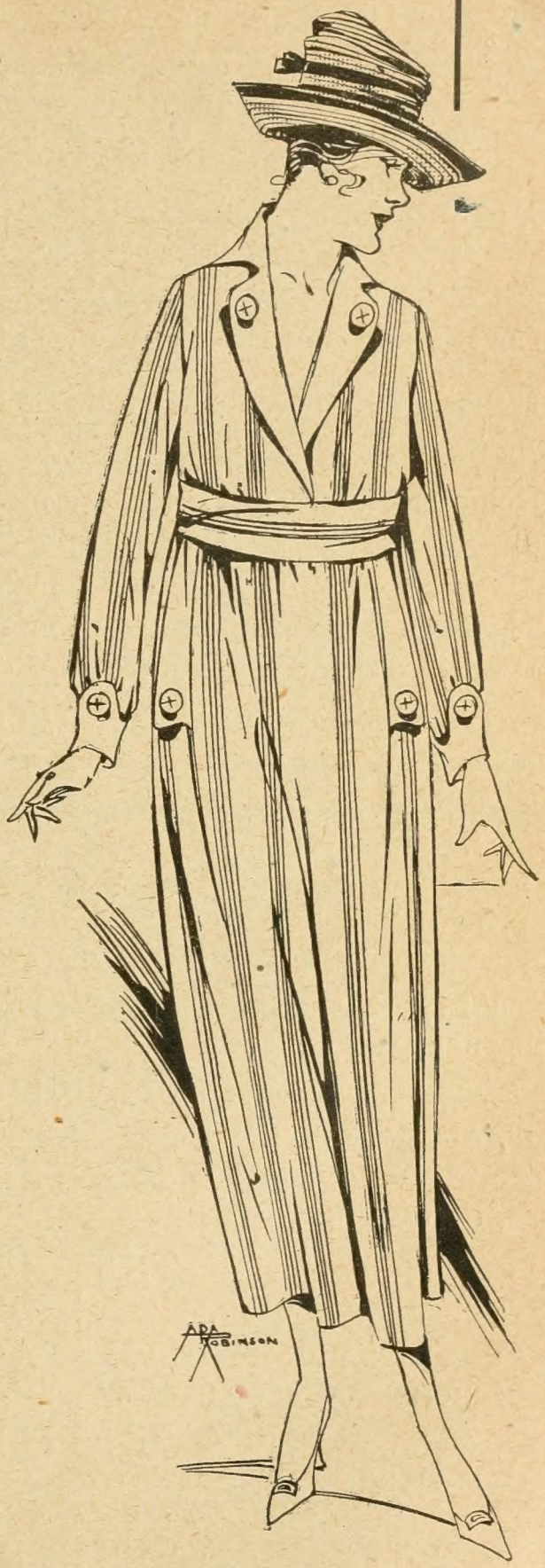

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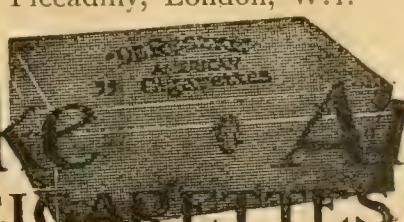

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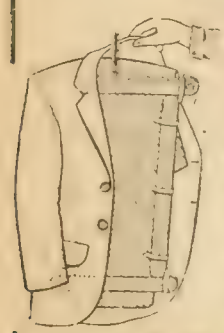

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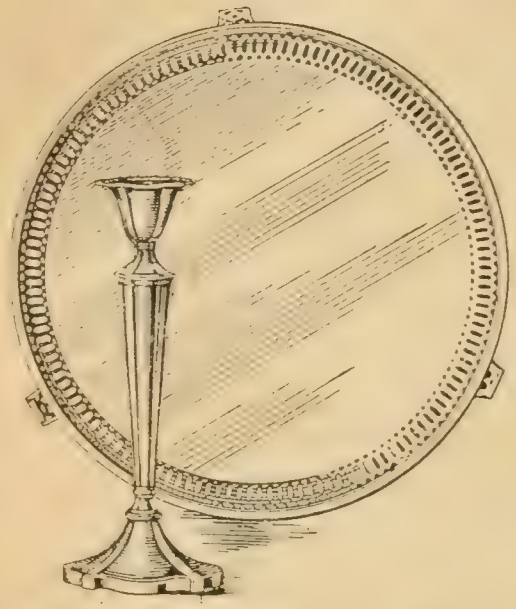

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ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1918

Numbers

By Laurence Binyon

TREFOIL and Quatrefoil!
What shaped those destinied small silent leaves
Or numbered them under the soil?
I lift my dazzled sight
From grass to sky,
From humming and hot perfume
To scorching, quivering light,—
Empty blue!—Why,
As I bury my face afresh
In a sunshot vivid gloom—
Minute infinity's mesh,
Where spearing side by side
Smooth stalk and furred uplift
Their luminous green secrets from the grass,
Tower to a bud and delicately divide—
Do I think of the things unthought
Before man was?

Bodiless Numbers!
When there was none to explore
Your winding labyrinths occult,
None to delve your ore
Of strange virtue, or do
Your magical business, you
Were there, never old nor new,
Veined in the world and alive:—
Before the Planets, Seven;
Before these fingers, Five!

You that are globed and single,
Crystal virgins, and you that part,
Melt, and again mingle!
We have hoisted sail in the night
On the oceans that you chart:
Dark winds carry us onward, on;
But you are there before us, silent Answers,
Beyond the bounds of the sun.
You body yourselves in the stars, inscrutable dancers,
Native where we are none.

O inhuman Numbers!
All things change and glide,
Corrupt and crumble, suffer wreck and decay,
But, obstinate dark Integrities, you abide,
And obey but them who obey.
All things else are dyed
In the colours of man's desire:
But you no bribe nor prayer
Avails to soften or sway.
Nothing of me you share,
Yet I cannot think you away.
And if I seek to escape you, still you are there,
Stronger than caging pillars of iron
Not to be passed, in an air
Where human wish and word
Fall like a frozen bird.

Music asleep
In pulses of sound, in the waves!
Hidden runes rubbed bright!
Dizzy ladders of thought in the night!
Are you masters or slaves—
Subtlest of man's slaves,—
Shadowy Numbers?

In a vision I saw
Old vulture Time, feeding
On the flesh of the world; I saw
The home of our use outdated—
Seasons of fruiting and seeding

NUMBERS

Withered, and hunger and thirst
Dead, with all they fed on:
Till at last, when Time was sated,
Only you persisted,
Dædal Numbers, sole and same,
Invisible skeleton frame
Of the peopled earth we tread on—
Last, as first.

Because naught can avail
To wound or to tarnish you;
Because you are neither sold nor bought,
Because you have not the power to fail,
But live beyond our furthest thought,
Strange Numbers, of infinite clue,
Beyond fear, beyond ruth,
You strengthen also me
To be in my own truth.

The Centaur's First Love

By Muriel Stuart

I HUNTED her down the morning,
  Fleet hoof and bosom bare,
She fled me in swift scorning,
With her great, golden mane of hair
Firing the hot, dry, quivering air.
Down broad, bleached plain, up sunburnt hill
She led me, and I followed still.
She leapt the rock, I caught the gleam
Of glistening haunches in the stream;
Her little, murderous hoofs she drove
Through reed and flower, her hair alone
With long gold fingers urged me on
Till I was mad and blind with Love,
With sun and sleep and sharp desire
That make the first hours keen as fire,
And crashing through the blinding light,
Fiercer than flame, swifter than flight,
  I hunted her down the morning.

I loved the beast in her, the hide
Sweating and sleek, the heaving side,
I burned to stifle savagely
The human mouth that taunted me
From the wild woman-face above;
As on the Isle of Awful Love
Pasiphæ and the Bull of Crete
Tasted strange lips and found them sweet;
I heard, as they heard, for Love's song,
The sound of hoofs the whole night long.

I hunted her down the morning!
  She leaped with neighing shrill;
No stream too deep, too high no hill
To master such bright scorning:

THE CENTAUR'S FIRST LOVE

Till where the reeds grew thick and tall
I saw her stumble, sway and fall.
But, from her eyes as I drew near
Leapt fear, and something more than fear:
She did not stir, she did not move,
She knew the ancient Sport of Love,
She knew me at the side of her.
From great gold mane to trembling hoof,
The sleek, the tawny hide of her,—
All the predestined sweets thereof—
Are mine to crush or choke or kill. . . .
Kisses grew quicker, closer still,
Lip to lip, hoof to hoof we lay. . . .
The broad bright morning burnt away,
The stream went mocking in our ear,
We did not see, we did not hear,
We did not care, we did not move,—
What power could stay the Centaur's Love?
The glorious chase was all for this,
More fleet the flight, more fierce the kiss;
She knew how doubly sweet would be
Her last surrender, and to me
How swift the vengeance on her scorning. . . .

And now I lie and laugh with her,
She will not fly, I shall not stir
To hunt her down the morning!

Regent Street

By Major L. M. Hastings

London has nothing quite so sweet
As a Spring day in Regent Street—
The windows gleam, the pavement fills
With the pale fire of daffodils—
Distant carillons ring the chime
Of the austere city's golden-time,
And delicate April glides her shy way
Down sunlit road and shadowed byeway.
April has left her cloistered glades
To seek these urban colonnades,
To tiptoe round the busy plinth
And greet a ravished hyacinth;
To see the jewellers' shops alight
With shining slivers of blue and white—
The wan opal, the odic sheen
Of jade, cloisonné, and damascene;
To mark the mercer's motley stocks
Of silks and furbelows and frocks—
The mundane scents that charge the air
Subtly distilled from hands and hair,
As if an unseen censer stirs
And the passers-by are thurifers—
The murmurous fluctuant whorls and swirls
Of cavaliers and their dainty girls—
The elegant ease, the ordered pleasure
Of London in her springtide leisure.

. . . . . .

And yet, more wisely, I've a mind
'Twas *you* that April came to find.
She knows your little, dancer's feet
Are native now in Regent Street.
And when the meadow-magic staled
And the lark tired and the song failed,

Why, then she gazed around and missed you,
And trailed you to the town and kissed you,
And judged it sweet, and kissed and kissed
You, changeling, she the alchymist.
And so I found you, kin with spring,
And all but lost you, wondering
What faun's trick of the city snared
The misty-lidded, dusky-haired,
Stray dryad from a woodland brown
And slipped your light limbs on the town.

. . . . .

Alas! that this was yesterday!
The vision fades, the flowers decay—
Time, ineluctable, devours
The consecrated, lambent hours,
The fleet embrace, the gay meetings,
Lingered farewells and joyous greetings,
The touch of you, the dear duress
Of locked arms round your slenderness—
Ah! London's lure and rapture's way,
The miracle of yesterday!
Louder the clamant bugles shrill
From hidden camps beyond the hill—
To-day fades to a drear to-morrow,
A day's love to a day's sorrow—
Paid is the fiddler—closed the dance—
To-morrow I go back to France. . . .

. . . . .

Yet Spring that comes again in grace
Will haunt me with your flow'r-like face,
No colour of her iris glows
But speaks your body's white and rose,
No sound of all her sounds but sings
Of little, lost, heart-breaking things—
She will awaken with wind and dew
Desire of the swift, clear poise of you—
Your dryad's shape, as forth you fared,
The misty-eyed, the dusky-haired,
Elusive, lily-slender, sweet,
To dance your way down Regent Street.

. . . . .

In this life's riddle, heart of mine,
Which is the pang, which anodyne?
Does peace dwell fragrant in your breast
Or yonder in the guns' unrest,
Where crescent fire shall cast out fire
And a bitter chalice slake desire?
Is healing on your dewy lips
Or where the iron blizzard rips,
And young blood blackens and grows cold,
And young mouths shrivel in the mould;
Where war, the bloody hell-hag, sits
Clawing the fields to filthy pits,
And old men blow with wheezy breath
The twin bubbles of life and death?
  Is God's will in your innocence
Or battle's foul incontinence?

. . . . . .

I know not—but I know a smile
Pays for a dolour once a while—
A candle-light for a funeral,
A dance for a fiddle—death for all—
A day's love for a long day's sorrow—

. . . . . .

And I go back to France to-morrow.

The Perfect Machine

By Arthur Scott Craven and J. D. Beresford

SCENE: *Any interior furnished as a study, the essentials being* (1) *a decently large table* (L) *and a plain chair before it with a typewriter at the further end, a pad notebook, and one or two volumes of reference; and* (2) *a reading chair* (R) *with a book-rest attached to the arm;* (3) *a mirror of some sort at the wall* (R). *Other chairs, tables, and bookcases are irrelevant, and may be used to fill the scene at the taste of the producer, but the centre of the stage must be clear. The only entrance used is by a door, preferably back centre. When the curtain rises* JANE SMITH *is sitting at the table, typing. She is dressed in pale brown holland, with one bow of green ribbon at the opening of the neck.*

A door is heard to close outside, and she instantly takes her hands from the keys of the typewriter, moves her chair a couple of feet or so along the table (down stage), and takes up a novel. She does not turn her head as SIR SPENCER BURNABY, O.M., *enters. (He is a man of about forty-five, dressed on this occasion in dark blue serge, patent leather shoes, a turn-down collar, and a tie which precisely matches Miss Smith's bow. Also, he wears a pince-nez. He looks clean and neat, and his movements have an orderly precision. He is carrying a fattish bundle of MS. in quarto, tied up with green ribbon.)*

He comes down stage and puts MS. on the stand of the reading chair, glances at it for a moment, and then begins to pace slowly up and down the room.

BURNABY (*apparently addressing the circumambient*). I propose this morning to make a few notes on certain points involved in my summary of the earlier chapters, and more particularly I wish to distinguish between the self-seeking

of the Nietzschean philosophy and that (*he pauses and coughs*) that clear detachment of mind, that suppression of the more fallible human emotions and sentiments which are essential to the mastery of self and the perfecting of the delicate instrument of intellect. No! (*reflectively*) essential to the mastery of self and the ultimate refinement—— Bother! (*He waves his hand vaguely in the direction of Miss Smith and continues his pacing in deep thought.*)

(JANE *has not once looked at him, but when he begins his pacing she steals a glance at the MS. in green ribbon on the book-rest. When he coughs, she instantly pushes away her novel and begins to take down his dictation in shorthand. When he waves his hand she resumes her novel—all very quietly, almost secretively. But as he resumes his walk up and down the room she cannot keep her eyes off the MS. on the book-rest.*)

BURNABY (*suddenly*). Miss Smith, you're a nuisance.

JANE (*startled*). Me?

BURNABY (*seriously*). In effect—you. Yes.

(*As she stares at him he coughs softly; and automatically she turns back to the table and takes up her pencil.*)

BURNABY (*smiling*). No, no. Not our usual signal this time. And, by the way, I think I must change it. It's becoming a habit. I find myself coughing when people bore me. In future I will—er—let me see. . . .

JANE. If you waved your hand. . . .

BURNABY. No, that would necessitate your looking round. I should feel you were watching me.

JANE. I should see it without turning round.

BURNABY. Ah! come now, Miss Smith. (*He is standing rather behind her, and she is apparently studying her note-book.*) Even a woman hasn't eyes at the back of her head. (*He pauses and makes a gesture of his hand.*)

JANE (*demurely*). You waved your hand then.

BURNABY (*frowning*). Now, that is incomprehensible. I must understand. Please tell me how you were aware of that. Some trick . . . ?

JANE. No, I was conscious of it, that's all.

BURNABY (*resuming his walk*). Really, I must repeat,

Miss Smith, that you are—for the first time, I'll admit—being a nuisance this morning. You are failing in that splendid quality of automatism which has marked you out as the ideal amanuensis. Seriously, you must not—er—come to life in this way (*tolerantly*) and exhibit these miraculous powers of telepathy.

JANE (*demurely*). My consciousness of your signal is quite automatic, Sir Spencer.

BURNABY. Nevertheless, a little puzzling. However, the point at which I broke off was concerned with another aspect of your identity—I mean that novel of yours, Miss Smith. I have read it. (*He goes over to the reading chair and sits down.*) You may turn round. We must dismiss this before we get to work. Your novel intrudes.

(JANE *turns round and looks at him, eagerly, anxiously, but says nothing. All her movements are restrained as if she is, above all, anxious not to obtrude herself on his attention.*)

BURNABY (*unties the MS. and then takes a pencil and taps his teeth with it. He speaks with a shade of hesitation*). Surely you must have known what my attitude would be towards—*this*. (*He taps the MS. with his pencil.*) You know my work, my point of view, so well. You must have known that I should consider this—er——

JANE. Not quite worth while?

BURNABY. Precisely. (*He repeats her phrase with approval.*) Not quite worth while.

JANE. And you don't think it would be a—success?

BURNABY. Why should perfection seek success?

JANE (*at fault*). Perfection?

BURNABY. As a secretary, my dear Miss Smith, you are, indeed, very near perfection.

JANE (*carelessly*). Oh, that!

BURNABY. And the perfect machine is a more important thing than the bad workman.

JANE. Is my novel so *very* bad?

BURNABY (*condescending*). From the ordinary point of view—perhaps not. From my point of view—yes. I must say it unequivocally.

JANE. I suppose you couldn't tell me—why?

BURNABY (*losing sight of his secretary in his thought of*

her novel). All this sentimentality (*he smacks the MS. with his pencil and then rises and begins to pace the room.* JANE *begins to report him at once*), this portrayal of little common emotions, this perpetual elaboration of the more primitive human passions, is *not* representative of life. In effect, this novel deals with nothing but the making of (*with emphasis*) one—small—unimportant—marriage—of the type that is being celebrated by *thousands* every day. What do such things matter? True, they are essential to the physical life of the community, but Literature must deal with the spiritual growth that arises from this complex. It can no longer be concerned with the—the mechanics of reproduction. (*Automatically he waves his arm, and* JANE *puts down her note-book.*)

JANE (*with a change of tone*). I understand. I hadn't thought of it quite like that before, Sir Spencer. I understand now.

BURNABY (*turning to her with great approval*). What a wonderful person you are, Miss Smith—so ductile, so remarkably teachable! Really, I will revoke that earlier qualification of mine and say that you are the *perfect* secretary; you have the detachment—the submission, I had almost said the inhumanity—of some ideally improved dictaphone.

JANE (*with apparent gratitude*). Thank you, Sir Spencer.

BURNABY. Indeed, I mean it. (*With a sigh of relief he takes up her MS. and puts it down on her table, and then comes up to the middle of the room.*) Now! To return. You have given me an idea. I revoke that phrase in which I compared the intellect to a delicate instrument—I have, now, another metaphor. Will you read the sentence I began to dictate, please?

(JANE, *who until now has not belied her title of the perfect secretary, sits quite still, her back to the table, her hands in her lap.*)

BURNABY (*coming out of his absorption as he gets no answer to his request*). If you would kindly read that sentence, Miss Smith. . . .

JANE (*getting up and speaking with a marked change of manner*). I have changed my mind.

BURNABY (*a trifle flabbergasted*). Changed your mind?

JANE. Even a dictaphone has got *works*, you know, Sir Spencer.

BURNABY (*apologetically*). Perhaps you are not feeling quite up to the mark this morning; in that case, by all means. . . .

JANE. Oh! I am perfectly well, thank you, Sir Spencer. I—I don't want—oiling or anything.

BURNABY (*anxiously*). A little rest, a short holiday, perhaps. . . .

JANE (*decidedly*). Wouldn't make the least difference. The fact is, I've changed the record.

BURNABY (*frowning*). I'm *afraid* I don't understand.

JANE (*sitting*). It's quite easy. You see, Sir Spencer, I was in a way content to go on being your secretary. I admire your work so much, more than anything I have ever read. You gave me wonderful ideas, you have often lifted me, as you say (*quoting with a mild rapture*), out of the little distractions of our multitudinous physical life.

BURNABY (*pleased*). I am proud to have done that, Miss Smith.

JANE (*still with some exaltation*). Your work is so truly great that it has consoled me when I've thought of the future. I've told myself that, in my little mechanical way, I have been serving a great purpose.

BURNABY (*a trifle overcome*). I assure you I have never received a higher compliment. I—I esteem it more than —than—my Order of Merit.

JANE. But I've told myself—very miserably sometimes —that my little service to you can't last for ever.

BURNABY (*disturbed*). Dear, dear, why not? I don't see. . . .

JANE (*meekly*). The great difference in our ages, for one thing. . . .

BURNABY (*drawing himself up*). I shall be forty-six in March.

JANE. And I shall be twenty-five in April.

BURNABY (*pacing, very erect*). H'm!

JANE. So I *had*, very unwillingly, to think of the future.

BURNABY (*quickly*). There is no need for that, no need at all. I will make full provision for you. If I die within the next—the next—er—thirty years. . . .

JANE (*thoughtfully*). You would be nearly seventy-six then.

BURNABY (*sharply*). I have never been a delicate man. Gladstone, Goethe, and Voltaire were still active at eighty.

JANE (*nodding*). Even then, you know, I should be hardly sixty, and I should feel that my work was done for ever. It would be very hard at sixty to feel that one's work was finished for good; that there was no more interest in life, nothing to look forward to for the next twenty years.

BURNABY. I—I admit that; I see that; but you would have the consolation. . . .

JANE (*interrupting*). So I thought that in my spare time I would try to write a novel.

BURNABY. Oh! I understand.

JANE. But now you have shown me quite, quite clearly that that is not worth while.

BURNABY. Well—er—perhaps not from *my* point of view.

JANE. And your point of view is my standard (*with emphasis*)—in *literature*.

BURNABY. Thank you, Miss Smith.

JANE. I could never attempt to write again.

BURNABY (*after an almost imperceptible pause*). And so?

JANE (*with a sigh*). And so, as I said, I have, so to speak, changed the record—I am going to get married.

BURNABY (*in final horror*). Oh! my goodness! (*He sits suddenly down in the reading chair, and grips the arms.*)

JANE (*meditatively looking down*). He's very nice-looking.

BURNABY (*with renewed energy*). Oh! but, my dear lady, this is perfectly horrible! You mustn't think of it for a single moment.

JANE (*still half-unconsciously*). Although I shouldn't call him exactly clever.

BURNABY (*smacking the arm of the chair*). Miss Smith!

JANE (*she looks up quietly with a self-absorbed smile and says sweetly*). Yes, Sir Spencer?

BURNABY (*with great emphasis*). I absolutely forbid you to think of marriage with this good-looking idiot.

JANE. Oh! it isn't as bad as *that*.

BURNABY (*impatiently*). I forbid you to marry anyone at all.

JANE (*gently*). But I *want* to get married, Sir Spencer.

BURNABY. Rubbish! Put it out of your head! It isn't to be thought of. You are—are upsetting my whole morning's work.

JANE. Yes. I'm sorry for that, but I had to tell you. It would have been such a shock to you if I had just gone off and left a note on the typewriter, wouldn't it?

BURNABY (*shaking his head*). The whole thing is absolutely inconceivable.

JANE (*innocently*). I don't see why.

BURNABY (*in exasperation*). Can't you understand that you are indispensable to me?

JANE. That's what Jack says.

BURNABY. Am I in future to be compared with (*disgustedly*) "Jack"?

JANE (*imperturbably*). Jack's much younger, of course.

BURNABY. Oh! damnation and damnation! (*He gets up and begins to pace the floor again.*) You're the only secretary I've ever had, for practical purposes. The others were—oh! the sort of young women with no ideas beyond getting married. One of 'em tried to make love to me!

JANE. How absurd!

BURNABY (*brusquely*). I suppose if I had been ass enough to marry her, she would have done very well for herself.

JANE (*looking at him critically*). M—yes!

BURNABY. Is it only physical appearance you women consider?

JANE (*with a sigh*). Very largely, you know.

BURNABY. And I am not what you call—er—attractive?

JANE (*still critical*). Oh! well! . . . (*With a bright idea.*) Would you like to see a photograph of Jack? I have heaps.

BURNABY. Certainly not.

JANE (*half to herself*). He'll be thirty in May. . . .

BURNABY (*pulling himself together*). Now, now. Let us consider this thing seriously.

JANE. I am.

BURNABY. If salary is any consideration, you can have

double, treble. Hang economics! You are—in this connection, of course—a pearl above price.

JANE. An ideally improved dictaphone.

BURNABY. No, no. I take that back. No mere machine could compare with you. Now, if it's a question of salary. . . .

JANE. It isn't a question of salary, Sir Spencer.

BURNABY. What then?

JANE. A question of making the best of one's life.

BURNABY. But I think you said just now that you were serving a great purpose! Wasn't that your phrase?

JANE. As a machine.

BURNABY. Partly, partly only.

JANE (*with sudden fervour*). And I want to live; I want to be human. I want to have a purpose that will never, never cease; that will go on and on into the future, like your books.

BURNABY. Oh! Quite. But is that possible?

JANE (*modestly*). I might have children.

BURNABY (*impatiently*). Any fool can have children! There isn't another woman living who can take your place as my secretary.

JANE. I'm afraid you will miss me dreadfully.

BURNABY (*in despair*). Miss you? Oh! it isn't to be thought of! (*With a new earnestness.*) My dear lady, you were kind enough this morning to say some very nice things about me. I believe you meant them.

JANE. I did—absolutely.

BURNABY. Then, won't you weigh your own ambitions in the balance with mine? Isn't it possible for you to sacrifice yourself for me—and since you have been good enough to suggest it—for a future generation of my readers?

JANE. But there's Jack to be thought of, too, you know.

(BURNABY *makes a gesture of despair.*)

JANE. And he says any fool can be a secretary, but there isn't another woman living who could take my place as his wife.

BURNABY (*with resolute patience*). Let us put it another way, then. Isn't it possible for you to sacrifice yourself and—and "Jack," for my sake and for the sake of my philosophy?

JANE. But what about the future generation of—*my* children?

BURNABY. Need we consider them?

JANE. They may be readers of your books, teachers of your philosophy.

BURNABY. I am willing to risk the loss of them. *I'll* give them up, if *you* will.

JANE. Yes, you will have other readers. I shall have nothing.

BURNABY. You will participate in the glory of "handing on the torch" of literature.

JANE. I may be remembered as the improved dictaphone.

BURNABY (*desperately*). You might write my life.

JANE. I should be too sentimental.

BURNABY. Not on that subject.

JANE (*looks at him a moment and then drops her eyes*). I might.

BURNABY. My dear Miss Smith, no woman with your particular gifts as a novelist *could* be sentimental about a man of forty-five. Your hero must be thirty at most—and preferably a soldier.

JANE (*thoughtfully*). Of course. Jack's a soldier.

BURNABY. I might have known it.

JANE (*earnestly*). Yes, they most of them are now, aren't they?

BURNABY (*gravely nods his head, and then says, after a moment's pause*). Did you say you had a photograph. . . .?

JANE (*brightening up*). Oh, yes! Heaps! (*She opens a drawer in the table and takes out a largish but neat parcel tied up with pink ribbon.*)

BURNABY (*casually*). *Pink* ribbon for a soldier, eh?

JANE. Yes. (*Looking down at her own bow, at her MS., and then at* BURNABY'S *tie.*) Green is *your* colour. To *me* that stands for the "delicate instrument of intellect."

BURNABY (*irritably*). I cancelled that phrase.

JANE. I liked it. It sounded so inhuman. It appealed to the dictaphone in me.

BURNABY (*stretching out his hand and beckoning for the photographs*). Well?

JANE (*handing them up to him one at a time*). That was taken years ago as a little boy. Doesn't he look a jolly little fellow?

BURNABY. H'm! Did he suffer from adenoids, do you know?

JANE. I think he did. He had an operation. (*Handing him another.*) That was taken when he was sixteen. And that one when he went into the City. He got twenty-two shillings a week to start with. And that was in a group with the Saturday Afternoon Cycle Club. Jack was the secretary. And *that one*—just after he'd enlisted.

(*As* BURNABY *stares steadfastly at the photographs he reflects in some degree the portrait he is studying. He pulls a wisp of hair down over his forehead, stoops his shoulders, lets his mouth fall a little open, etc.*)

BURNABY (*suddenly, and pulling himself up*). Good God! Miss Smith, I forbid this marriage on eugenic grounds.

JANE. Oh, but he's filled out wonderfully since he's been in training. Look, this one was only taken a few days ago. (*She hands him the last photograph.*)

BURNABY. He certainly looks more like a man there, but. . . . (*He breaks off and walks over to the mirror* (R) *with the last photograph in his hand, and then compares his own reflection with the portrait.*)

BURNABY (*after a decent pause*). And this is the man whom you have deliberately chosen to be the father of those wonderful children you are going to have!

JANE (*coming over to him*). I don't know about "deliberately."

BURNABY. The man you have chosen, then?

JANE. It isn't absolutely settled yet.

BURNABY. But you're engaged?

JANE. Not absolutely.

BURNABY (*irritably*). What do you mean by "not absolutely"?

JANE. I haven't promised yet.

BURNABY. But you said. . . .

JANE (*shaking her head*). I said that as you found I'd no talent for literature I'd made up my mind to get married. (*Gaily.*) And, of course, I've only to hold up my finger. . . . (*She expresses the remainder by a gesture.*)

BURNABY (*gravely*). I see.

JANE. He may not come. . . .

BURNABY (*looking at her*). Oh, *he*'ll come.

JANE. Why do you think that?

BURNABY (*putting the question aside*). And you are in love with this man, eh?

JANE (*jauntily*). Oh! well. . . .

BURNABY. I can't believe that this marriage will be a success.

JANE. Marriages often aren't.

BURNABY. But then why . . . ?

JANE (*demurely*). The future generation.

BURNABY. And when they grow up they will desert you—boys and girls, too. They'll marry; find someone they love better than their mother; and after all your toil and patience and love, you'll have to take a second or third or fourth place with them.

JANE (*steadfastly*). Yes, I know.

BURNABY. You can face that?

JANE (*happily*). One would put their happiness first.

BURNABY (*sitting down in the reading chair, thoughtfully*). It does seem just possible that you might make a perfect mother—your very qualities as a secretary. . . .

JANE (*who has now walked over to the table and speaks with her back to him*). You will admit that of the two—professions. . . .

BURNABY (*looking at the photograph he still holds and then placing it well before him on the book-rest, with a sigh*). In certain conditions . . . I must admit that the ideal of motherhood is a finer ambition than the ideal of the—er—amanuensis.

JANE (*sitting in her chair by the table*). My sister is married. She has a little boy of seven and two little girls. I've seen a good deal of them one way and another. . . .

BURNABY (*who has been staring at the photograph, looks round and encourages her with a nod*). Well?

JANE. It is so wonderful to see them develop; to watch the tiny things that seemed to come so suddenly from nowhere, begin to notice you, to want little comforts, to walk, to pick up queer little imitations of speech. And then to become human beings, individuals. In a way they never belong to you, I know; but you have the wonderful

responsibility of caring for them, protecting them, and of introducing them, as it were, to all this wonderful world.

BURNABY (*still staring at the photograph*). And if they turn out badly?

JANE (*confidently*). They wouldn't—they couldn't. I should love them too much.

BURNABY. That's your side. Er—does "Jack" feel like that about them?

JANE. Not altogether, I'm afraid.

BURNABY. What is his attitude, then?

JANE. He thinks children are an infernal nuisance. He doesn't like babies—because—they slobber.

BURNABY (*nodding triumphantly*). Of course. It's there in his face.

JANE. But I shall teach him.

BURNABY (*emphatically*). Never! Never, I tell you, my dear lady. You're a thousand times too good for him, a thousand times finer than he is—but you'll never teach—*that*. (*He indicates the photograph.*) Your children may take after him, and have ugly mouths and sulky eyes. . . .

JANE (*firmly interrupting him*). I think you forget, Sir Spencer. . . .

BURNABY (*passionately*). I forget nothing! It's absurd nonsense to say that you're in love with this man. I won't believe it.

JANE. He's a soldier.

BURNABY. All honour to him for it—but that isn't the sole qualification for fatherhood. (*Slightly self-conscious.*) You may not have guessed it, my dear lady, but I—I think much as you do yourself about children.

JANE (*with a detached interest*). Then why have you never married?

BURNABY. I was afraid of an interruption to my work. A woman would not have understood how important my work was to me. She would have made too great a demand upon my time. She would have been a distraction and an interruption.

JANE. You ought to have married one of your secretaries.

BURNABY (*impatiently*). Oh! my dear Miss Smith. If you could have seen them!

JANE. I knew the last one—Miss Wetherall.

BURNABY. She was the one that tried to make love to me. She would have made love to any man. Miss Wetherall would have had no more consideration for me and my work after I had married her.

JANE (*thoughtfully*). Miss Wetherall is engaged now.

BURNABY. Obviously. It was all she was good for. No! Unless I could find the perfect secretary who would also be the perfect wife and mother. . . .

JANE. Quite an impossible combination.

BURNABY. I have thought so, myself.

JANE. And if you found her, she might not want to marry you.

BURNABY (*thoughtfully*). She might prefer such a man as that? (*pointing to the photograph*).

JANE (*picks up one of the other photographs of Jack and looks backward and forward, comparing it with* BURNABY). Curious, isn't it?

BURNABY. It does strike you as curious, eh?

JANE. I suppose it must be because you would only be looking for the perfect machine all the time; because you would only be thinking of yourself, and Jack makes me believe that he'd sacrifice anything for me.

BURNABY (*frowning*). Does he?

JANE. He worships me.

BURNABY. I shouldn't have thought he'd have had it in him—with that mouth.

JANE. It isn't a good photograph. I should like you to see him.

BURNABY (*getting up*). No, no. I couldn't. Really, I couldn't think of it.

JANE. I believe you would like him.

BURNABY. To be quite frank with you, I detest the man.

JANE (*with a nice affectation of horrified surprise*). Sir Spencer!

BURNABY. Loathe him, abhor him! I—I sincerely hope that he will be shot!

JANE. Oh! How dreadful!

BURNABY. Nothing of the kind. I should like to shoot him myself!

JANE (*still in horror*). Oh! but why—why. . . .

BURNABY (*waving that aside*) I tell you you're a

thousand times too good for him. You're a woman in a million. If I had met you fifteen years ago. . . .

JANE. I should have been so young—not quite ten.

BURNABY. If there hadn't been such a—a—— What was your phrase? Such an immense difference in our ages. . . .

JANE (*shaking her head*). You couldn't marry a dictaphone.

BURNABY (*with a great change of tone*). I *had* to think of you as a dictaphone.

JANE. Why?

BURNABY (*with final abandonment*). For fear I might be tempted to kiss you.

(JANE *hides her face in her hands.*)

BURNABY (*watching her closely*). I suppose "Jack" has kissed you?

(JANE *shakes her head.*)

BURNABY. Never?

JANE (*still with her hands up*). Never.

BURNABY. He must be a fool.

JANE. He's never had the chance.

BURNABY. But when he proposed to you?

JANE. He never has proposed to me.

BURNABY. But he will.

JANE. It's very uncertain.

BURNABY (*patiently*). Perhaps if you could explain.

JANE (*dropping her hands and looking straight before her*). I haven't met him, yet.

BURNABY. You can't mean to say that you fell in love with that photograph?

JANE. Oh, no! Besides. . . .

BURNABY. Yes?

JANE. He's engaged to Miss Wetherall.

BURNABY (*looks at her keenly and then walks over to his chair, with his back to the mirror*). You have, in fact, been making a fool of me?

JANE (*frankly*). And didn't you deserve it? Listen. (*Takes up her note-book and reads*): "In effect, this novel deals with nothing but the making of one *small, unimportant* marriage of the type that is being celebrated by thousands—yes, literally *thousands*, every day. What *do* such things matter?" (*On her feet by the table.*) And,

you see, Sir Spencer, such marriages *do* matter, even to philosophers. One such marriage, and a purely imaginary one at that, has wasted half of your very valuable morning.

BURNABY (*quite calm*). How did you get the photographs?

JANE. Miss Wetherall sent them to me to see. She's mad about him.

BURNABY (*caustically*). She would be. (*He fastidiously picks up the one on his book-rest and hands it to* JANE.) Send them back to her, will you, Miss Smith?

JANE (*demurely*). Yes, Sir Spencer. (*She pushes the photographs back into the drawer and then takes up her note-book.*) Shall you be able to resume your notes on the summary, Sir Spencer?

BURNABY. Not at the moment.

JANE. Shall I go on with my typing?

BURNABY. Not at the moment.

(JANE *turns round to the table and begins to read, all with the air of the perfect amanuensis.*)

BURNABY. I take it, then, Miss Smith, that you will not be leaving me now?

JANE. I think I had better.

BURNABY. Why? Why?

JANE (*getting up and coming towards him, at first with dignity, and then with a smile*). I could not act as secretary to a man who has confessed that he might be tempted to kiss me.

BURNABY (*coming nearer to her*). I meant it.

JANE. I know you did.

BURNABY. Now, how could you know that?

JANE. How did I know that you waved your arm when I had my back to you?

BURNABY. Well, how?

JANE (*looking at him steadfastly, and at the same time with adoration*). I know, I feel, everything you think and do. That's why I am such a perfect amanuensis.

BURNABY. Oh! you great, wonderful woman! You're a thousand times too good for me!

JANE (*in his arms*). And I won't distract you, or interfere with your work, and my children *will* take after their father.

BURNABY. I hope not, Jane, I hope not. I hope they will take after their mother.

JANE. And become—machines?

BURNABY. And become wonderful women.

JANE. Even the boys?

BURNABY (*seriously*). Yes, even the boys will, I trust, have something of your intuitions, your nobility, your power of self-sacrifice—and——

JANE. Yes?

BURNABY. Your sense of humour.

JANE (*laughs and pushes him away, and then, with a sudden resumption of her old manner, says*). And now, Sir Spencer, shall we go on with your work?

BURNABY. Our work, Jane, *our* work.

(*He begins to pace up and down the room.* JANE *resumes her note-book and pencil. . . .*)

JANE (*reads*). "That clear detachment of mind, that suppression of the more fallible human emotions and sentiments. . . ."

BURNABY. Good Lord, Jane, did I say that? Take it out and let us begin again.

Education and Our Ancients

By Morley Roberts

The war has made us look about us; we begin to educate ourselves. But to educate educators is the most difficult task of all. And yet we do visibly progress. There are actually revolutionists in the Oxford citadel, traitors as some think, because things have happened since Æschylus. It is, however, vain to blame the reactionaries, even if the nation cannot afford to wait for their death. They are the result of their training. Their minds are a mass of intellectual, moral, and religious taboos, which is as much as to say that they are savages. When dead opinion becomes dogma there is savagery. I have heard of an eminent professor being cut at Oxford for a reasoned revolt against Homeric Unitarianism. Robert Louis Stevenson said to me at Apia, "Mrs. Grundy is essentially a savage institution." Not even Samuel Butler could pierce her armour of savage bombazine. She lives apart in a house with the blinds down. They are being raised at last, though the struggle over them is prolonged by the failure of revolutionaries to push the atack. So long as it is not seen that at his best the educational ancient regards education as a means of intellectual pleasure, and at his worst as an instrument of reaction, his position remains strong. It is supported by the natural conservatism of the half-educated, who are the maimed victims of the system. Something of Horace and an Oxford accent may surpass in value knowledge of the world. An acquaintance with the Olympian gods and the River Scamander is better than a taste for practical geography and the gods who rule the earth as it is. But intellectual hedonism and the world of reality do not agree. The hedonists therefore retire to their citadels and are prepared to perish in the defence of their Troy. They will be found dead with the sacred word "character" engraved upon their hearts. In their language the word means a moral tone of which they approve, since it bears the marks of their own.

There are all kinds of character, but only one which is good: the character which suits the world we live in. Gull once said, "There are many good physicians, but only one universally good, and that is a warm bed." If this was a world like Oxford a century ago, Porson or Bentley might make an admirable dictator, and the chancellor of any university an *ex officio* Premier. But—the world moves for all that. When character, as it is understood by schoolmasters, is analysed, we find that it means the character of the teacher. He believes himself the fine product of a fine system. His character is his god. He models his victims on his own plan, and if he produces flatheads of the same order is as gratified as an Indian mother who sees her tortured child's cranium take on the approved tribal shape. To love Cicero rather than Montaigne, or to misunderstand Kant in preference to understanding life, and to achieve, if finally successful, the Dean Gaisford attitude, is the very summit and peak of glory. Is it any wonder the Education Bill is delayed? We may soon hear that it is to be inquired into by a Royal Commission of Apostles of the Past.

It is, however, a fact that such a mental attitude in the mass of those who still dominate education can hardly be avoided. As a man grows old he becomes rigid. Senescence is the increase of the static elements of a cell. It is the slackening of metabolism, the decrease of the vital reactions of youth. As there is rigidity in bones and muscles, so there is rigidity of the brain. There is such a thing as intellectual sclerosis. I once showed a peculiarly moral epistle, written by an eminent but old physician, to a young one who may some day be eminent, and as he handed it back to me he disposed of it as a pathological product with a smile and the one word "sclerosed." The older man might understand pathology, but he did not know he himself was pathological. The educators of the old stamp do not know they are diseased; they do not recognise that health implies a power of rapid reaction to a changing environment. They rarely have any knowledge of science. Science may produce scepticism. They do not like it. A professor of physiology at Oxford must sometimes feel as if he walked the streets of Pompeii. Though he goes as delicately as Agag, he

is a bull in a sacred china shop. The keepers of a museum are apt to think it the world. But, in spite of Sir Thomas Brown, mummies are not generally valuable merchandise; Pharaoh is not an educational balsam, nor does Mizraim cure the wounds of those who knock against a hard world without due preparation. Intellectual hedonism becomes at last the great refusal. It ends in being anything but intellectual, for its votaries do not take all knowledge for their province. They glory in the unfortunate distinction between science and other branches of learning. Such a refusal is a stultification of the intellect. For if the intellect is not those faculties which deal with the unknown, as the instincts deal with what is settled by evolution, I fail utterly to comprehend what it is at all. A headmaster is often a man without a practical head, for practicality is dealing with the world, not with a scholastic microcosm. The sophists of Greece who taught how to live were ousted by philosophers who theorised about living. We want some sophists back. Protagoras may prove better than Plato.

It is idle to deny that there were signs of improvement. I have met two headmasters of great ability who knew that education should teach boys to deal with their likely environment, an environment not bounded by Magdalen or Folly Bridge. They had attained the knowledge which all savage races possess without thinking of it. They developed the beautiful instinct of workmanship in their pupils; they even showed them the real nature of Greek civilisation and its relevance to modern times. They were suspected of thinking this of more importance than the particles. With such men a public school may give some sort of real training. I lived in prehistoric times and was fed on Kennedy's Latin Grammar. I never heard at school an intelligent remark on the meaning of learning. I was taught Latin but not Rome, Greek but not Greece. I was caned for asking "why." Intellectual curiosity was taboo; the good boy was one who gave no trouble to those who loathed trouble even in the best of causes. Still, I learnt something, if it was only to fight. So far I was trained for the world. By Rugby football at its savagest, when hacking and tripping were glorified, we learnt to endure pain. The disciplinary savages who cut our hands open made us pride ourselves on our stoicism. We were so far

practical philosophers. But for fighting in the world we were given bows and arrows.

Things are a little better now. We begin to see that education must be a long and continuous process of adaptation. In primitive races training begins at birth and goes on till the youth is initiated and admitted among men. It lasts for at least eighteen years. He knows what is expected of him, and learns daily how to do it. He is not instructed in methods which have failed. The arboreal apes or mediæval scholastic ideals are not held up to him as lamps. He lives for actual work. His great educators are his chiefs, who do not attitudinise in a cloister Every day he does something which in after-life he must do better in order to live. To call anything else education is to misuse the word. But the savage environment is largely static; ours is fluidity itself. If one variable changes a problem, what about an infinite number? If education should not move, what indeed should? The premisses of logical action vary daily. We meet them with mumbo-jumbo.

The reactionaries of the present time support themselves as best they can. I was once told by a very good woman that, whatever my opinions, I possessed some of the Christian virtues because I had been kind to a cat. I suggested that kindness existed before Christ and benevolence before Bouddha. The ancient educationists point out how wonderfully our young men at the Universities have responded to the national call. Blind to the fact that the school-board-trained Cockney has done equally well, and that even hardened criminals have heard the trumpet and obeyed it, they assume they have given their pupils the very instincts their methods might have atrophied. But, luckily, instinct can survive even when intellect is partially destroyed. How many of the students at the Universities have welcomed the call of reality with joy, recognising with the great summons to their true nature that death was better than what awaited them? A few months on the battlefields of Europe are better than a tutorial Cathay, better even than an LL.D., Litt.D, M.A., and the headmastership of a school in Laputa, where healthy social sympathy is as little taught as the common means of successful adaptation.

It is, however, wrong to disperse the energy of inves-

tigation in the heat of invective. We should imitate Spinoza and decide "not to weep or laugh over the actions of men, but simply to understand them." We should study a pestilence or a pedagogue with equal calm. This is the scientific spirit, and it indicates that we ought to observe educationists in their normal environment rather than abuse them. They are what they are not from any natural vice in them; they have not, each separately, "determined to be a villain"; they are the result of antecedent causes: the children and victims of a system which permits antiquity to dictate to the present and future, and calls in the sentinels of its theological outposts to crush innovation when it rears its serpent head in Academe. Innovation is Modernism; a thousand little popes condemn it.

It is the custom of biologists to transfer animals from one environment to another, observing the changes which occur as a result. When the saline constituents of the water in which *Artemisia salina*, a small crustacean, lives are increased, it becomes *A. Milhausenii*, apparently a different species. Alpine plants transferred to the lowlands lose all apparent relationship to those left behind. The lowlander, on the other hand, takes on an Alpine character when torn from its Capua and planted in the more bracing atmosphere of the *névé*. A pear from the Vacaville fruit belt in California will travel thousands of miles. One from the neighbouring land will rot in a few days. Any sheep becomes fat-tailed in some parts of Syria. A fat-tailed native loses its glory if taken away. These things happen to human beings. We are the creatures of our environments. A boy brought up in a clerical atmosphere may run away to sea to get rid of it. There he will develop unclerical characteristics. He will not be sure he is always right after a little maritime education. But he may remain at home till he goes to a school run by a clerical hierarchy sure that it is right in all things. He will leave it for a university full of dons who know they are right in all things. They take all knowledge for their province by the exclusion of the things that are not knowledge. The youth in such a medium is likely to become the kind of crustacean the Oxford or Cambridge salines demand. He will be atrophied on one side and hypertrophied on the other. He may develop a clerical

collar and take a cure of souls. He may become a schoolmaster, a specialist in seeing that boys do not develop more human characteristics than his own. Such a system is perfect. It works in a circle, and the circle is a perfect figure. But the system of the Jesuits was perfect. Loyola was a great man. He had not been trained by the Jesuits. The system of obedience among Jesuits is carried to a point at which initiative atrophies. The General is chosen from among the atrophied, and the result has been that the Jesuits are periodically expelled from every country in turn. Our schools and universities are run on much the same principles. They produce what they can produce, and nothing more. At their best they do not destroy the best.

It is obvious, however, that their environment changes. It must change as the world alters, and now the world appears to be changing with uncompromising rapidity. There is a flutter in the dovecotes. There may be a brighter iris on the wings of the academic doves this bitter springtime, but they no longer coo with complacency. Things have to be altered. Anthropology fissures the ivy-covered ruins of theology. There comes a new world. The older men who cannot swallow science must be themselves swallowed. The distinctions between Arts and Science must go. The professors of one particular branch of learning cannot be allowed to pour their special salt into the medium in which are nourished the youth of the nation. Each professor must himself be trained differently, his traditional environment altered. In the new flood we may see him develop surprising appendages and discard organs, developed through centuries of learned obscurantism, for weapons suitable to a changed world.

Hazard

By Hugh Pollard

THE little group of men in the club-room had been discussing matters that they loosely termed psychology, and the talk developed into a heated argument upon the question of bravery in war. The disputants were eminent civilians, but their age had spared them first-hand experience of the present war.

A younger man, a Major in a Territorial battalion, was sitting near the group, and the lure of khaki was too strong for one of the speakers to resist. "What do you say, Major?" said he. "Have you found what our friend here calls 'the consciousness of moral right' the great incentive to bravery in the field?"

"I am afraid I do not know enough about the men's minds to answer that," said the Major, "but I can tell you of an incident, and leave the decision to you."

"In the ordinary way, you understand, personal valour does not much matter; some men I know are literally fearless; they do not experience what we call the emotion of fear at all, because, so far as I can understand them, their minds cannot form the image or idea of anything unpleasant happening to themselves. The majority are not in this happy case, and do most certainly know fear, yet the fellows one would have imagined could never have stood up to the strain of modern battle fighting manage to get through with it, though many a man has told me that he felt all the time as if he were unreal—as if these terrors were happening to him in a dream.

"In the normal way the soldier's valour is not put to any moral test, for there is no choice. He simply has to go on with the rest, accomplishing his duty and taking luck as he may find it. The real test only comes in extraordinary cases, and then usually to officers rather than to men.

"One of the worst moments in a man's life is when he has to decide if it is his duty to persevere in a tight corner or whether the right thing to do is to retire and save casualties. The fear of being thought a coward may then turn a man into a fool, or the fear of being thought a fool—a criminal waster of men's lives—may turn a man into a coward.

"The incident I propose to lay before you narrows the problem to even finer limits than that. Towards the end of the third war-winter we had developed a system of large-scale trench raids in which two battalions would take part. At that time the battalion to which I was attached was a more or less composite unit made up of men and officers drafted from several regiments.

"Among our company commanders were Shaw and Martin—those are not their real names, of course, but they will serve for the purpose of this story. They had been with us several weeks, and had got on very well—for we had had a spell of pretty hard fighting, quite enough to show the stuff both of them were made of, and, so far as personal valour in the field went, I do not think there was a penny-piece of difference between them. Honours then were not so thick as they are now, but I believe the O.C. had sent both their names up for recognition.

"Shaw was a confirmed card-player, and at the time the whole battalion was mad on cards. You know how crazes run through a crowd like that; one month it will be jig-saw puzzles, then souvenirs will be all the rage, or a new card game or some similar diversion. Martin, too, played like the rest of us, and we had recently abandoned bridge for poker, which was raging for the moment all through the Division. The two men were not in any way close friends, yet there was nothing of hostility in their attitude towards one another. Fellows in the trenches get pretty sick of one another's company, anyway, and an active service mess is never an absolute Agapemone. Still, as I say, there was no bad blood—not even jealousy or friction of any kind.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon we were in the Battalion Headquarters' dug-out—a nice roomy shelter that sedulous Germans had dug deep down in the chalk, and which served us better than it had its former occupants. The Acting Adjutant had called an officers' conference on

the raid we were to make that night, and, after the time and all details had been settled, he explained that owing to recent heavy losses in officers, "Corps" had decided that company commanders were to be economised, and that even in big brigade raids such as this only two company commanders were to go with each battalion, while in minor raids only two subalterns per company were to be allowed. The C.O., he went on, had not detailed any special company commanders for the night's duty, and suggested that the fairest means of deciding would be for the officers concerned to draw lots.

"We turned the subalterns out to get the N.C.O.'s together, and someone suggested drawing out tickets from a hat.

"'No,' said Shaw. 'It's a good gamble. Let's cut the cards for it. Anyone object?'

"The suggestion was deemed excellent, and somebody produced a pocket-case with two packs in it. Shaw, as our leading card expert, acted as master of the ceremonies.

"'Better cut for order of drawing,' he said, and the group drew their cards.

"'Now, gentlemen,' he said, 'are we all agreed; rules according to Hoyle, and the winners of the highest cards go with the raiders?' There was a little chorus of assent as he re-made the pack and flirted it out fan-wise upon the crude table.

"The first man drew the seven of diamonds and turned it face upward upon the table without comment. The second player seemed to hesitate a moment in his choice, dabbed with a finger, and turned up the king of hearts. 'Beat that if you can,' he said. Shaw drew the knave of clubs, and Martin—the last to draw—chose a card at random and turned up the joker.

"For a moment—just a fractional second of hesitation—there was silence. Everyone had overlooked the odd chance in the pack. 'Cut again or let's all——' said someone. 'No! by God,' broke in Shaw, 'the card stands. He can make it highest or lowest.' 'Damn it all!' said the first speaker, 'it's——' Then his voice tailed off into silence, for he felt what we all felt, and we knew that Martin was facing a question that no one else but himself could decide. He turned the card round mechanically and

pushed it toward the centre of the table; then, looking Shaw square in the face, said in a slightly husky voice, 'I make it a low card.'

"Now, gentlemen," said the Major, "there was a clear case of the right of choice. Martin's action was pure common sense; it was not dishonourable, yet a number of people might consider that he was in honour bound to choose the hazardous course rather than the safe one. He gave us no explanation, nor did we ask him for one, and it was only many months afterwards and quite by chance that I learnt one of the factors that may have guided his choice. At the time that Martin underwent his ordeal his wife was within a few days of her delivery; but as I say, he never told us, never justified or attempted to explain his action, but I believe imposed silence upon himself as a penance.

"Both he and Shaw have fallen in action since, but I believe, as I believed all along, that Martin was morally the braver of the two. Still, I leave you to debate it."

Recent United States Poetry

By Edgar Jepson

THERE is in the United States to-day a new school of poetry—United States poetry; and its seat is fittingly Chicago, the typical city. It is claimed for its poets that they are "securely rooted in their native soil"; that their poetry is "so much concerned with United States life and so much a part of it that it may be said to be becoming genuinely national"; that it is "creating a new diction, a new idiom, and it is going to be a much more fluid thing than English critics have any idea of"; that it has "unique features"; and that "unless one realises the new, autochthonic note" in United States poetry to-day—in the most distinctive United States poetry, that is—one realises nothing of the subtle impulses and forces that are at work to create a new poetic environment for the coming generation.

Steel rails, declares a leader of the school, journalism, moving pictures, popular tales and songs, local festivals, world's fairs, clamorous cities, will force United States poets "from their long eastward gazing, their obstinate residence in the Atlantic States, their more obstinate preoccupation with the arts and literature of feudal Europe. They will go West, leaving Europe, even new Europe, behind. And in that day our art, our literature, will cease to be provincial, will resume the continental habit which began with Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. At last they will have to follow the people, obey the people's need of them."

These are indeed great claims.

Fortunately, the school has its accredited masters, stamped authentic by the award of prizes for poems by the school itself. They are its chief representatives; their poetry is the fine flower of its growth—Messrs. Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Robert Frost.

I will not dwell on Mr. Vachel Lindsay's prize poem,

"The Chinese Nightingale: A Song in Chinese Tapestries," because, to me, it is not sufficiently of the school, not genuine United States. I feel that its inspiration, unconscious doubtless, was the "Ingoldsby Legends," that much of its music was drawn from them, with now and again an echo from Poe—verse like this:

> Do you remember ages after,
> At last the world we were born to own?
> You were the heir of the yellow throne—
> The world was the field of the Chinese man,
> And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
> We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
> And wove white silks in the mulberry shade. . .
>
> "I remember, I remember,
> That Spring came on for ever,
> That Spring came on for ever,"
> Said the Chinese nightingale.

Harmless enough verse; but for me neither new, nor autochthonic, nor poetry.

To my mind, "The Firemen's Ball: A Poem to be Chanted," is far more of the school, autochthonic. It begins with a canto in which "the music of the ball imitates the burning of a great building, to be read or sung in a heavy buzzing bass, as of fire-engines pumping":

> "Give the engines room—
> Give the engines room!"
> Louder, faster,
> The little band-master
> Whips up the fluting,
> Hurries up the tooting.
> He thinks that he stands,
> The reins in his hands,
> In the fire-chief's place,
> In the night-alarm chase.
> The cymbals whang,
> The kettle-drums bang;
> "Clear the street,
> Clear the street—boom, boom!"

Later it goes "shriller and higher":

> "Buzz, buzz,"
> Says the crowd.
> "See, see!"
> Calls the crowd.
> "Look OUT!"
> Yelps the crowd,
> And the high walls fall.
> Listen to the music
> Of the firemen's ball;
> Listen to the music
> Of the firemen's ball.

Later it goes "slow and soft in the manner of languorous, insinuating music":

"'Tis the night of love,"
Call the silver joy-bells
"Night of love,"
Call the silver joy-bells.
Honey and wine—
Honey and wine:
Sing low now, violins,
Sing, sing low;
Blow gently, wood-wind,
Mellow and slow.
Like midnight poppies,
The sweethearts bloom;
Their eyes flash power,
Their lips are dumb;
Faster and faster
Their pulses come,
Though softer now
The drum-beats fall:
"Honey and wine,
Honey and wine."
'Tis the firemen's ball—
'Tis the firemen's ball.

Another much-acclaimed poem by this writer is "General William Booth Enters into Heaven (to be sung to the tune of 'The Blood of the Lamb' with indicated instruments)." This is to be sung with bass drums:

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
The saints smiled gravely, and they said, "He's come."
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alley-ways and drug-fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail!
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of death—
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

In yet another vein, "The Booker Washington Trilogy," Mr. Lindsay writes in a poem called "A Negro Sermon—Simon Legree":

He beat kind Uncle Tom to death,
Who prayed for Legree with his parting breath,
Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew,
To the high sanctoriums bright and new.
And Simon Legree stared up beneath,
And cracked his heels, and ground his teeth:
And went down to the devil.

I have quoted these seventy-six lines of Mr. Vachel Lindsay because he is, I gather, the chief master of the

school; and the bulk of his work is indeed concerned with United States life, genuinely national. Possibly he is creating the new diction, the new idiom, the greater fluidity the school desires. But for me, alas! it is not poetry. The bulk of it is just verse, and jingling verse at that.

Art is in the handling. It may be that Mr. Lindsay has the true poetic visions of "The Firemen's Ball," or of General Booth's entering heaven, or of Legree; he has failed in the expression and presentation of them. Consider such lines as "Hurries up the tooting," "In the night-alarm chase," "Their eyes flash power,"

> And kettle-drums rattle
> And hide the shame
> With a swish and a swirk
> In dead Love's name.

"Lurching bravos from the ditches dank," "Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew." Such lines raise no question of art as opposed to virtuosity, of rough intensity as opposed to polished feebleness; they are just rank bad workmanship—the bad workmanship of a man who has shirked. If Mr. Lindsay says, "I write for the great-hearted People of the Great Pure Republic; and it's quite good enough for them," I have nothing to say. He may be right. He ought to know. But if he tells me that this slipshod stuff is poetry, I say that it is not. He has shirked the work of hammering out his vision.

It may be that I am doing him an injustice, that it is a sheer failure of poetic power. But he can do much better; "The Scissors-Grinder" is on a very much higher level of vision and of workmanship. But it is not distinctly United States. He would do better to cut out the autochthonic. It is not for a poet to do stunts, but to express himself, his vision of the world, each part of it as it comes to him, as finely as he can.

With regard to "The Booker Washington Trilogy," I have a feeling that it is rather an impertinence. Why should a white man set out to become the poetic mouthpiece of the United States blacks, in a manner "bright-coloured, full-throated, relaxed, and tropical"—Mr. Lindsay's own description of his manner in this trilogy—or any other manner? These blacks have already made the only distinctively United States contributions to the arts—rag-

time and buck-dancing. Surely it would be well to leave them to make their own distinctively United States contribution to poetry.

I have dwelt on Mr. Vachel Lindsay at this length because he would seem to be the acclaimed leader of the school, and because beside Mr. Edgar Lee Masters he is a veritable king of song.

The poem of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters which received the prize in 1916 is entitled, "All Life in a Life." It is a modernised version, or rather epitome, of the First Gospel. It goes like this:

> He had a rich man or two
> Who took up with him against the powerful frown
> That looked him down.
> For you'll always find a rich man or two
> To take up with anything—
> There are those who want to get into society, or bring
> Their riches to a social recognition;
> Or ill-formed souls who lack the real patrician
> Spirit for life.
> But as for him, he didn't care, he passed
> Where the richness of living was rife;
> And like wise Goethe talking to the last
> With cabmen rather than with lords,
> He sat about the markets and the fountains,
> He walked about the country and the mountains,
> Took trips upon the lakes and waded fords,
> Barefooted; laughing as a young animal
> Disports itself amid the festival
> Of warm winds, sunshine, summer's carnival—
> With labourers, carpenters, seamen,
> And some loose women.
> And certain notable sinners
> Gave him dinners.

These lines rhyme indeed and now and again; they faintly recall to my mind Byron's "Don Juan"; but I am quite unable to conceive what they have to do with poetry. To me they are just bad, bald, prosy prose. They are marred by such cumbrous artificialities: "His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black"; his parents "threatened him with bolts and bars"; he passed "where richness of living was rife."

> Time makes amends usually for scandal's breath,
> Which touched him to his earthly ruination.

What could be more painfully unsimple? His verse is wholly barren of rhythm, rhythmical construction, intensity, spontaneity, or beauty. I can find in it no poetic quality of any kind.

Consider, again, these lines from "Arabel":

> Arabel's sister says that Arabel's straight,
> But she isn't, my boy—she's just like Arabel's sister.
> She knew you had the madness for Arabel.—
> That's why we laughed and stood apart as we talked,
> And I'll tell you now I didn't go home that night;
> I shook you at the corner and went back.

What has this bald stuff to do with poetry? "She knew you had the madness for Arabel." What a clumsiness!

The chief prize was last November awarded to a poetic drama, "Grotesques," by Mr. Lloyd Head. Opening it at random I read:

> GIRL (*to herself, motionless*) Who am I that come
> Caressing tenderly the sign of bird?
> A girl, in white, alone, beside the pattern brook
> I wander without fear, of fear not having heard.

I do not see what this has to do with the school, or indeed with poetry; and I prefer to deal with the poem to which the other prize was awarded, "Snow," by Mr. Robert Frost.

It tells at an amazingly tedious length how Brother Meserve, the head of a small sect and, I fancy—it is not at all clear—a farmer, rouses two neighbours on a stormy midnight on his way home through the snow, to rest and refresh himself and his horses, and talks to those neighbours and they to one another. This appears to me to be the best of it. Meserve speaks:

> That leaf there in your open brook! It moved
> Just then, I thought. It's stood erect like that,
> There on the table, ever since I came,
> Trying to turn itself backward or forward—
> I've had my eye on it to make out which;
> If forward, then it's with a friend's impatience—
> You see, I know—to get you on to things
> It wants to see how you will take; if backward,
> It's for regret for something you have passed
> And failed to see the good of. Never mind,
> Things must expect to come in front of us
> A many times—I don't say just how many,
> That varies with the things—before we see them.
> One of the lies would make it out that nothing
> Ever presents itself before us twice.
> Where would we be at last if that were so?
> Our very life depends on everything's
> Recurring till we answer from within.

Here are a fancy—never mind the pathetic fallacy—and an idea. Admitting that they are of the stuff of poetry,

what of their presentation? To me, frankly, it is no more than a maundering dribble. Again I find it the work of a man who has shirked the labour of hammering out his idea into its right form.

These eighteen lines are the very best of the four hundred lines of which the poem consists. It ends thus:

> If you mean he was inconsiderate
> To rout us out to think for him at midnight
> And then take our advice no more than nothing,
> Why, I agree with you. But let's forgive him.
> We've had a share in one night in his life,
> What'll you bet he ever calls again?

This has exactly as much to do with poetry as it has with rat-catching. It is wretched prose. It is in no degree rooted in the soil, autochthonic. People dribble these toneless inanities all the world over in every tongue. Observe, too, the execrable "literary" falsity of the line: "We've had a share in one night of his life."

Always I find the music of these effusions so cheap, or so poor; and this poor music is common to the great bulk of all the recent United States poetry I have read. I sometimes think that this amazing lack of a sense of the beauty of words comes from the manner in which the language of the United States is spoken—that monotonous drone, generally nasal, or that monotonous nasal whine. I am assured that in some parts of the United States you may still hear musical speech; but I cannot believe that the speech of any of these three masters is musically modulated, or, indeed, modulated at all. How, then, should they begin even to write poetry?

I would cheerfully give the twelve hundred lines of these three prize poems for this single stanza of Mr. Ezra Pound:

> Dawn enters with little feet,
> Like a gilded Pavlova,
> And I am near my desire.
> Nor has life in it aught better
> Than this hour of clear coolness,
> The hour of waking together.

That stays in my mind. Of those twelve hundred lines none stay, except the imbecility: "Lurching bravos from the ditches dank," and a most unpleasant denizen it is.

To me the principles of the school are wrong. To the

human spirit steel rails, moving pictures, world's fairs, and journalism are irrelevant. They serve none of its uses. They are mere trade appurtenances; and with trade it has nothing to do. Should there ever come a poet who finds them relevant, a part of his vision of the world, well and good. If he is a poet the presentation of his vision may be full of steel rails, yet it will be poetry. To invite a poet to go West and lug steel rails into his vision because steel rails are of the Middle West is to ensure a full supply of these tedious artificialities to which the school has awarded prizes.

For me, at any rate, these fakements are not securely rooted in their native soil. Wholly of the surface, they are rooted in nothing. They create no new diction, no new idiom. They create nothing. There is no new, autochthonic note in them. They are as rancid as "Ben Hur." And to plaster one generation with weariness is, to my mind, no way to create a new poetic environment for the next. Worst of all, they are so easy to do; and I hold with Plato, *χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ.*

And what is this call to the poet to follow the people and obey the people's need? What has the fat-headed ruck of the United States, or any other country, to do with poetry? It has no need of it whatever.

But the queer and delightful thing is that in the scores of yards of pleasant verse and wamblings and yawpings which have been recently published in the Great Pure Republic I have found a poet, a real poet, who possesses in the highest degree the qualities the new school demands. Western-born of Eastern stock, Mr. T. S. Eliot is United States of the United States; and his poetry is securely rooted in its native soil; it has a new poetic diction; it is as autochthonic as Theocritus. It is new in form, as all genuine poetry is new in form; it is musical with a new music, and that without any straining after newness. The form and music are a natural, integral part of the poet's amazingly fine presentation of his vision of the world.

Could anything be more United States, more of the soul of that modern land, than "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"? It is the very wailing testament of that soul with its cruel clarity of sophisticated vision, its thin, sophisticated emotions, its sophisticated appreciation

of a beauty, and its sophisticated yearning for a beauty it cannot dare to make its own and so, at last, live.

This is in very truth the lover of the real, up-to-date United States:

> In the room the women come and go,
> Talking of Michelangelo.
>
> And indeed there will be time
> To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
> Time to turn back and descend the stair,
> With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
>
> * * * * *
>
> Do I dare
> Disturb the universe?
> In a minute there is time
> For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.
>
> For I have known them all already, known them all:
> Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
> I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
> I know the voices with a dying fall
> Beneath the music from a farther room
> So how should I presume.

And then the end:

> I have heard mermaids singing, each to each.
>
> I do not think that they will sing to me.
>
> I have seen them riding seaward on the waves,
> Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
> When the wind blows the water white and black.
> We have lingered in the chambers of the sea,
> By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown,
> Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Never has the shrinking of the modern spirit from life been expressed so exquisitely and with such truth.

Consider, again, that lovely poem, "La Figlia che Piange":

> Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
> Lean on a garden urn—
> Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—
> Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—
> Fling them to the ground and turn
> With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:
> But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.
>
> So I would have had him leave,
> So I would have had her stand and grieve,
> So he would have left
> As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,
> As the mind deserts the body it has used.

I should find
Some way incomparably light and deft,
Some way we both should understand,
Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather
Compelled my imagination many days,
Many days and many hours:
Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers.
And I wonder how they should have been together!
I should have lost a gesture and a pose.
Sometimes these cogitations still amaze
The troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

How delicate and beautiful in the emotion! How exquisite and beautiful the music! This is the very fine flower of the finest spirit of the United States. It would be the last absurdity for such a poet to go West and write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo, the Great-Hearted Young Westerner on the make. It seems incredible that this lovely poem should have been published in *Poetry* in the year in which the school awarded the prize to that lumbering fakement, "All Life in a Life."

An Autumn Gathering

By Alec Waugh

I

Softly the diffused colours of an autumn evening were shed about the quiet Prussian garden. Two years had passed since the proud feet of war had first swept over Europe, but they had not touched that green orchard and its sheltered paths and grey stone seat on which they were sitting, the two lovers, with the sunset falling round them like a rose-red angelus. They were both young. Gretchen, dark and slim, with her hair still falling like troubled waters about her neck, was only seventeen, and Pieter could not have seen more than twenty summers pass. But he already bore the burden of manhood, the burden that the day demanded of every man whether he willed it or not; on his shoulders were the epaulettes of a lieutenant, and the hour of love was charged with the sorrow of parting.

"Oh, Pieter, it's been so wonderful these last seven days," Gretchen was saying. "I never knew I could love anyone as I love you. You've been so good to me, Pieter."

"Have I? Nothing like what you've been to me."

"You have, dear; you've given me everything, and we're going to be so happy."

"If they let us, Gretchen."

He spoke slowly, as if he saw further than his words.

"But, Pieter, father'll be awfully pleased; he's often said. . . ."

"I didn't mean your father," he said, smiling a little bitterly.

"But who else?"

"The English."

"Oh, don't talk like that, Pieter," she cried, catching his hand fiercely, despairingly almost. "They won't take you, not you. I want you so much, so very much!"

And the eyes turned to his were full of a helpless

pleading that tore his heart; she seemed to rely on him so much, and he felt powerless to help her.

For Pieter was one of those to whom tender words did not come easily. The son of a colonel, he had been all his life under the rigour of military discipline, and he had grown up proud and purposeful, with the traditions of the Hohenzollerns strong within him, a man to command men. His military education was complete, and in a month or so it was to be put to the test among the Russian snows and the Flanders swamp. For nineteen years he had followed the sheltered, ordered way that led to a commission; and to such an one love, which is giving and not getting, had not come easily. There had been so many barriers of reserve.

But for one radiant week he had loved and had been loved. Hour after hour the two lovers had sat and talked in the orchard out of view of any alien eyes, while day after day had slowly passed over their heads—the mornings dripping with golden mists, the afternoons drowsy with heat, the evenings scattering colour.

For Gretchen these seven days had marked the transition from girl to woman. During them she had learnt what it was to love, what it was to be a woman, and what was the chief glory of her womanhood, the surrender of it prodigally to love.

And it was over; the next day Pieter was to join his regiment, and the war would sweep him from her, somewhere beyond her reach, where her love would be powerless to protect him. A sadness had fallen on them with the failing lights, and they sat in silence holding each other's hands very tight, pressing close to one another, trying to believe that they were not unhappy and that the future was not wholly dark.

"I wonder," said Gretchen, "I wonder whether this orchard has ever seen anything like this before? It is so old."

"There has never been anything like this before."

"But there are other lovers beside us, Pieter."

"Not like this, though," he repeated.

"Oh, but why, silly?"

"Because of you; there could not be two yous." The words came awkwardly, and his face flushed as he spoke

them; but they came straight from his heart, and Lucille knew it.

"Oh, Pieter," she cried impulsively, "you are an awful dear!"

"And next year," she went on, after a pause, "what will it be like? Perhaps the war will be over. Perhaps we shall be here again together and safe, and we'll be able to get married. Oh, Pieter, darling, there's never anyone been so happy as we are going to be."

"If only they'll let us," he said again.

"But they will, they will. They could not be so cruel as that. This time next year you'll be home, and for always."

"Perhaps, but I'm afraid you'll be alone in the orchard next year."

"Well, then, I shall send you a large box of apples," she said, "and when you eat them you'll think of all the hours we've spent here, and in a way," she added, with a forced attempt at gaiety, "you'll have something of the orchard with you, and I shall be here. So in a way we shall be in the orchard just the same, shan't we?" she laughed unhappily. For a moment she fought against her tears, but love was to her so fresh and wonderful, and she was too young and impressionable to be able to hide her feelings.

"Oh, Pieter, Pieter," she sobbed, "we've had such a splendid time, and we are going to be so unhappy soon."

"No, no."

"Oh, yes, we shall, darling; you know we shall."

And because he knew even more surely than she did how hardly things would go with them he said nothing; all he could do was to hold her tightly in his arms, and as she lay like a fluttered bird against his shoulder her weakness seemed to find a comfort in his strength.

Slowly the sunset faded to a chill, grey twilight. Gretchen shivered.

"We shall have to go in soon," she said; "it's getting cold."

For a few minutes more they sat there in silence, then rose towards the house. As they passed the gate they paused, and, turning, looked back at the orchard that had held for them so many radiant hours.

"It's pretty miserable, Gretchen."

She looked up at him with tear-dimmed eyes.

"But we've had a good time?"

"There's nothing I'd have different. Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen," he cried, "I love you, love you so terribly! I can't do without you!"

"We're going to be wonderfully happy afterwards, Pieter."

Very tenderly he folded her into his arms and kissed the pathetic, trembling mouth.

"If they let us," he said softly, "if they let us."

II

The last days of October swept Pieter to the Roumanian campaign and the fatigue and weariness of a relentless pursuit. During those days his upbringing stood him in good stead. With unflinching eyes he saw the squalor and carnage of battle. That attitude of callous indifference that every soldier has to wear came naturally to him; all his life he had been learning to obey, and he had learnt his lesson. Yet through each dragging day and each sleepless night he retained the image of Gretchen fresh in his heart. For he was not one of those to whom love comes and goes easily. The heart once steeled and hardened against love, now that love had taken possession of it, was equally strong in its retention. War, with its absence and misery and inevitable deadening of the receptive faculties against which mortal love can often avail nothing, was unable to touch him. Prussian militarism, for all its arrogance and assumption and aggression, had to a large extent rendered him superior to human weakness.

Towards Christmas he was slightly wounded and invalided home, and the days of his convalescence spent between the hospital and Gretchen were the happiest he had ever known. Sitting before a fire, they would talk of all they had done and all they were going to do. Wonderful dreams they fashioned in the glowing coals. They saw before them the long, untroubled succession of days when they would be together, with their children growing up round them, and Pieter rising to a position of high command, and then life would be assuredly good. Wonderful dreams they made—wonderful, evanescent, fading dreams.

It passed, inevitably, as all happiness must, and once more they were faced by the sorrow of parting.

"We haven't seen much of our orchard this time," said Pieter, looking out through the windows at the boughs piteous with dripping rain.

"No, but the summer will be here soon."

"And my leave should be due about then."

"And if it isn't," she said, with a sad, flickering smile, "I'll send you those apples. It will be something, won't it?"

"It will remind me of a great deal."

III

February came and went, March wailed fitfully over Europe, and the business of slaughter went on. At times Pieter's courage seemed hardly equal to the forces opposed to it. Often some chance phrase or incident drove him to face the terrible law of averages and the certainty of his own uncertainty. Of the men who had fought beside him in September there remained but few; some of them were wounded, some maimed, the majority so much scattered flesh. So many had fallen; what reason had he to imagine himself immune from the common lot of his fellow-men? A year ago he would not have cared greatly; but now his life was no longer his, but Gretchen's, only remaining his in as far as it was his to make her happy.

"I could make her happy—I could, I know I could," he would say to himself; and then came the invariable corollary, "If they only let me."

Followed moments of blind depression when he saw his generation, a generation that might have done big things, designed by the God that was called good for no other purpose than to play the alternate *rôles* of butcher and cattle. . . . The moment passed, and the heavy gateways of his upbringing shut upon his qualms.

Slowly the protracted winter passed, and the short spring yielded to a summer of metallic heat. Slowly Pieter's leave drew nearer. It was due about the end of August—that month of red-gold leaves and autumn gatherings, when the orchard would be splashed with colour and sunshine.

"Oh, my darling boy," Gretchen wrote to him, "it's not

so very long now, and we shall be together as we were last year, as we shall be through all the days that are to be ours. Things may be difficult for us now, but when I think of all that lies before us, and of how happy we are going to be, I know that life has been very good to us, Pieter, and that we have no right to complain. . . ."

And then, just before his leave came through, the English started their succession of blows in Flanders, and Pieter's division was hurried north.

Three days later he was occupying a pillbox a little way back from the front line. It was a position that, more than any other, demanded a complete and utter fearlessness. If the enemy attacked and broke through they would have to hold out till the end. There was no such order as retire. All that they could hope for was that the English would not attack before they were relieved.

The days dragged monotonously. On both sides there were heavy bombardments, but the expected attack did not come, and Pieter began to hope once more.

Two nights before the relief was due a big parcel came up with the rations.

"Something for you, sir," said the sergeant, "looks like fruit; it's marked fragile."

It was the box of apples they had spoken of so often. Inside was a letter from Gretchen.

"After all, darling," it ran, "it looks as if you would not be coming home, so I am sending you these apples with my love. It is a great disappointment; but, dearest, we love each other so much that we can never be really apart. We are one, and, Pieter, it is only a very little while to so much happiness. The war must end soon, and then all this will seem a very little thing. . . ."

"A very little thing." Pieter repeated the words and sighed. "A very little thing."

"There's a lot more stuff coming over this morning than usual, sir," said the sergeant, as he woke Pieter next morning.

"There is a bit, perhaps, but they always are a bit noisy about now. It'll die down in an hour or so."

But this morning the brazen fury went on growing more and more insistent, howling like a wild god in pain. Sud-

denly through the noise of guns came the sound of voices; cries were mingled indiscriminately: "Never mind the wounded!" . . . "Don't lose direction there!" . . . "Look out, they're coming!" . . .

Pieter and the sergeant looked one another straight in the face.

"They are running, sergeant. Who are they?"

"Saxons, sir. Shall I turn a gun on them, sir? Might turn them back."

"No, let the filth pass."

And with cold, steady eyes Pieter, watching the retreat flicker through the smoke, watched the gun crash round it, watched the ignominy that death can make of a man. Of the English he could see nothing owing to the dust of the bombardment. It was no use opening fire; he would only mow down his own men. There was nothing to do but to sit and wait, and for want of anything better to do he went on with the letter he had been writing Gretchen to thank her for the fruit.

From the men's part of the building came whispers full of an unworded fear.

"Who do you think they are?" said one.

"Let's hope it's not the Scotch."

"They don't take prisoners."

"Is there any chance of our holding out?"

"Might do."

"I don't want to be taken prisoner," said the first speaker again.

Pieter heard him, and smiled bitterly. "And you are not going to be, either," he muttered to himself.

"Barrage lifting, sir!" shouted the sergeant.

Pieter dropped his letter.

Through the slit window he could just see the dim lines of advancing troops. For a few minutes he fired the gun with a desperate coolness. He saw a small body of infantry scatter beneath the bullets; then a shell pitched close, killing the sergeant and putting the gun out of action.

Pieter turned back to the pillbox.

"Come out there!" he yelled to the huddled crowd inside. "Out you get, bombs and bayonets!"

The English were now swarming round his position. One by one Pieter sent his men out through the narrow door

into the open. The last man passed, his knees sagging with dread, and Pieter turned to follow him. For one moment he thought tempestuously of all that life had offered him, only to take away. He thought of Gretchen, of their love, of that orchard of shade and sunshine, of its apples left untouched behind him, of the dreams and hopes irrevocably lost. . . . The crowded picture faded out, and he sprang after his men.

For a moment or two with bombs and grenades he held the invader back; then numbers told, and the bayonets had their fill of blood.

IV

That night a sub-section of machine-guns was moved up to the silent pillbox to consolidate the newly-formed line. Tired and muddy, the men flocked round the entrance.

"Took some taking this, I should think," said one.

"Gawd, yes! Look at the dead."

"Bloody little of the *kamerad* touch here, I guess."

"Now then, you men!" shouted the officer. "Get a move on and shove all those bodies into shell-holes! We've got to live here, remember."

It was a job that three years ago most of them would have fought shy of, but they had grown callous to death as to everything else. With coarse, heavy jokes they set to work on the riddled corpses.

"One of them's an officer."

"Good enough! That'll mean souvenirs—eh, sergint?"

"Last year on the Somme I got a gold watch, but when I was wounded a bastard of an R.A.M.C. orderly pinched it."

"Time enough for souvenirs to-morrow," cried the officer. "Get along with those Boches."

Just as it was growing light the two gun teams and their officer were beginning to settle down in the pillbox. The men were eagerly searching for souvenirs, and a cry of excitement greeted each discovery.

"Look here, you men, here's a whacking great box of apples!" cried the sergeant suddenly; and the men flocked round, chattering gaily.

"Guess his old woman sent that out."

"What would she think if she could see us eating them now?"

"Cost 'er a tidy bit, too!"

"Good old Fritz! 'E knows 'ow to live, straight 'e do."

"Have one, sir?" said the sergeant.

The officer caught the apple as it was slung over to him, but he did not seem to notice it. Very still and quiet he sat, reading the unfinished letter to Gretchen. For he was young, and he was a lover, and beneath the abrupt awkward sentences he knew how strong a flame had burnt. Through the deep window he could just see the German where he had been flung, a crumpled heap of flesh, useless, a thing, yet twenty hours earlier it had been alive, with how deep a love, with how much power for good.

Then he looked at the apple in his hand, and he remembered that he was hungry and that it was war.

V

The same dawn that crept over the Flanders flats, over the corruption and the filth, fell in tremulous shafts of light across the lovers' orchard. During the night there had been wind and rain, and to Gretchen, looking out from her gabled window on to the dripping boughs and dank, fluttering leaves, the world seemed calamitous with the sense of passing beauty. Summer was over, and the burnished golds of autumn were fading out.

"It is too late now," she said to herself. "Even if he were to come now it would be too late. We shall just have to look forward to next year. It won't be so very long, and perhaps by then the war will be over."

As indeed for her it already was.

The St. George of Rural England

By F. E. Green

The passing of the Corn Production Act and the fixing of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers recalls to us the robust figure of the St. George of rural England—William Cobbett. That he was a great Englishman there is no shadow of doubt. He possessed all the prejudices, the passions, the pugnacity of John Bull, and in his magnificent burly presence he typified John Bull. Stout of limb, girt in his dust-coloured coat and drab breeches, with round and ruddy face, combative, he stands before us a live man, a figure breathing English manhood from his bull neck to his strong, argumentative chin, his firm upper lip and finely shaped mouth, his pugnacious nose, to his clear eye fired by a passion for justice and lightened by a rapier glance of irony.

He possessed nearly all the characteristics which made for popularity at that time. He had served in the army, and had speedily risen to the rank of sergeant-major. He hated the French with their "bloody revolution." He hated Jews, stockjobbers, and placemen. He defended bull-baiting; he promoted boxing; he encouraged matches at single-stick; and he hunted. Heine regarded him as a Philistine, which undoubtedly Cobbett was.

He was a Tory, which meant that he held by tradition certain ideals of England and English government. A man of shining honesty, he imagined that a Government of men who had been given every opportunity of culture in life must be incorruptible. Like most soldiers, he had hardly begun to think politically. His disillusionment began when he landed in England and tried to bring to light before a court-martial the corrupt practices of certain officers in the Commissariat Department who plundered the poor private soldier.

Then, after his romantic marriage, he went to America, and soon became famous as a truculent defender of monarchy. The American's boast of republicanism and freedom was as objectionable to Cobbett as it was to another sturdy democrat at a later time—Charles Dickens. His innate English patriotism and combativeness made him stand up for English institutions when he heard them abused by republicans. He did not particularly mind hearing foreigners run down England, but he had John Bull's strong aversion to hearing an Englishman do so abroad.

There is something delightfully aggressive and challenging in his act of filling his shop-window in republican Philadelphia with the portraits of unpopular monarchs!

On his first return from America he was entertained at dinner by Pitt and other Ministers of State, and offered the control of a Government organ. But Tory though Cobbett then was, he would not be bound to any party; and rich as the Government then was (and may be to-day for all I know) in secret service funds, no Government was ever rich enough to buy Cobbett.

At one time he very nearly became the uncrowned King of England, but not quite. He even wrote letters for a Queen of England to her Royal husband. He faced two State trials for sedition. He suffered two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000 as a penalty for pouring out a volume of vitriolic irony on the heads of the Government for inflicting five hundred lashes on the bare backs of English soldiers whilst a German legion stood on guard. By imposing the savage fine of £1,000 and keeping him within prison walls for two years the Government thought they had completely broken the spirit of this free-lance. They ruined him financially, it is true, but they never broke the power of that lance which sharpened its point upon prison walls. It struck deeper than ever into the vitals of oppression and corruption. And when twenty years afterwards he was again indicted by the Government for sedition—this man whom Brougham as Minister appealed to, not without success, to subdue by the power of his pen the Luddite riots—Cobbett left the Court triumphant, and became the First Man in the reign of the First Gentleman of Europe.

At the end of his defence he threw out this defiant

challenge: "My last breath shall be employed in praying to God to bless my country and to curse the Whigs to everlasting; and revenge—I bequeath that to my children and the labourers of England." When he left the Court Cobbett became the most powerful man in England. But great as was his hatred of a corrupt Government and a brutal magistracy, of a pusillanimous clergy, his love for the suffering poor was greater, and Cobbett's splendid championship of a class akin to that of serfs prevented him from ever becoming a national hero.

During his long life in or out of Parliament Cobbett never ceased from his championship of the agricultural labourer, and it should be remembered that Cobbett was, to a large extent, an employer of labour, both on his Botley estate and in his publishing office. "I will allow nothing to be good with regard to the labouring classes," he once wrote, "unless it makes an addition to the victuals, drink, or clothing. As to their minds, that is much too sublime a matter for me to think about." To that simple statement Cobbett remained true all his life; and in tilting at the dragon of abuse in rural England Cobbett had to drive his lance at a monster fed by the capacious hands of landowners, farmers, and politicians.

But this John Bull had forged a weapon in the heat of a common fire in a noisy guard-room in Nova Scotia, surrounded by quarrelsome, half-drunken comrades, which made him the most powerful fighter in the England of his day; for it was there, amid the storm and stress of barrack-life during his eight years' service, that Cobbett made himself a master of English grammar.

Cobbett's style was a living thing apart from the dry bones of grammar. It was hammered out of his character. Therein lay its success. He was sincere, simple, colloquial, and personal—outrageously personal. In the use of the invective lay his strength. He had the common sense of the Englishman who knows that if he is to be listened to by the people it is no use writing like Adam Smith, Ricardo, or Godwin. Though Cobbett often wielded his pen like a bludgeon, there was no confusion about his strokes, no riot of pummelling which might become an incoherent storm of words. Though it sometimes fell on the wrong head, every blow was distinct and well-timed.

He knew it was no use to write in an academic manner about landlordism. He knew that the most successful way to destroy landlordism was to show up the baseness of landlords. Listen to this diatribe taken from *Rural Rides*, which has become a classic of English literature. After showing that honest labourers were far worse off than felons, he breaks out with:

"Oh, you wish to keep up the price of corn for the good of the poor devils of labourers who have hardly a rag to cover them! Admirable feeling, tender-hearted souls! Did not—oh, oh! care even about the farmers! It was only for the sake of the poor naked devils of labourers. . . . This was the only reason for their wanting corn to sell at a high price! . . .

"There is in the men calling themselves 'English country gentlemen' something superlatively base. They are, I sincerely believe, the most cruel, the most unfeeling, the most brutally insolent; but I know, I can prove, I can safely take my oath, that they are the most base of all the creatures that God ever shaped to disgrace humanity."

It was when he was mounted, riding across the English counties, that Cobbett did his finest work, and not inside Parliament.

"The ruffians," he wrote, "owing, and solely owing, to my having *lost my voice at Coventry*, have kept me out of the House; but they have not kept me out of hearing. I have since last autumn been in *seventeen counties* making Rustic Harangues, which have produced far more effect than any speeches in Parliament."

It was at one of these meetings, a stormy one, where it was resolved that Cobbett should be ejected from the room.

"I rose," he wrote, with a touch of that sublime egotism of his, "that they might see the man they had to put out." He was sixty years of age then, and yet he dominated the whole room. It was as the author of *Rural Rides* that Cobbett entered into his kingdom and became the St. George of the English labourer.

Yet inside the House of Commons at the advanced age of seventy he was still the irrepressible and only champion of labour.

John O'Connell declared that in the House "he was quite as dogmatical and downright as in his written diatribe,

and he had quite as much sarcastic audacity of self-possession as though he were a wealthy patrician member of that tuft-hunting House." With the pertinacity of a Keir Hardie he moved a very drastic amendment to the address in answer to the Speech from the Throne. He moved that all the words after "Most Gracious Majesty" be omitted! The House tried to shout him down, but the lust of battle was in the very marrow of his bones. Opposition only stimulated him.

"The *people*, I say, expected that some measure should be proposed by Ministers for their relief; instead of which they asked for the power of throwing the people into dungeons. (Great confusion.) If I be not heard, I shall move an adjournment. I will not spare you one word. You shall hear every word that I have to say. . . . I have a very sacred duty to perform, and if the House be determined not to hear me to-night, I will certainly bring it forward to-morrow; and if the House will not hear me to-morrow, I will then bring it forward the day after. The statement that I have to make I am *determined* to make."

And make it he did. The House was forced to listen to Cobbett talking on a subject of which few members knew anything—the condition of the poor.

"Your religion seems to be altogether political," said a parson to Cobbett, who promptly retorted, "Very much so, indeed; and well it may—since I have been furnished with a creed which makes part of an Act of Parliament."

Cobbett's egotism was not offensive, because he had no affectation. That captious critic, Hazlitt, wrote of him: "His egotism is full of individuality, and has room for very little vanity in it. We feel delighted, rub our hands, and draw our chair to the fire when we come to a passage of this sort. We know it will be something new and good, manly and simple, not the same insipid story of self over again." It seems strange, though, that Cobbett managed to escape the pedantry of the self-educated man who sets up as schoolmaster to every living being. He seems to have plucked the bones and sinews out of syntax and made from them a living masterpiece when he sat down to write. He wrote like one talking to a friend in a gale of wind. He spoke and wrote as no one ever spoke and wrote before. We know, with his intensely English nature, Cobbett re-

pudiated all claims to genius, which he seems to have regarded as something lower than industry. But was there not, after all, a streak of genius in Cobbett? Who but one who had the eye of a literary genius could visualise wretched girls working in fields as "ragged as colts and as pale as ashes." Who but a genius with a colossal ignorance of philosophical writings could have written in a book on grammar: "It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the numbers and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days."

Surely Cobbett owed something to that chance purchase of a little book for threepence when he had adventurously tramped from Farnham to Kew at the age of eleven to seek a job in that gardener's paradise. He had sixpence-halfpenny in his pocket when he started, and the threepence he paid for the *Tale of a Tub*, the title of which attracted him in a bookseller's window, robbed him not only of his supper, but also his last penny. From Swift, Cobbett must have caught the trick of the invective loaded with irony. He tells us himself how he carried about the *Tale of a Tub* wherever he went, till he "lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy in North America," and that "the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt in losing thousands of pounds."

It was a pity for us that Cobbett never wrote that history of England that he once thought of writing. It surely would have been as entertaining as Mr. Chesterton's *History of England*, for these two writers have much in common—at any rate, in their tenderness towards Catholicism and in their intense dislike of Protestantism. Writing of the history of England he intended to publish he said:

"We do not want to consume your time over a dozen pages about Edward III. dancing at a ball, picking up a lady's garter, and making that garter the foundation of an order of knighthood, bearing the motto of 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' It is not stuff like this; but we want to know what was the state of the people, what were a labourer's wages, what were the prices of the food, and how the labourers were dressed in the reign of that great King."

Cobbett did write one chapter of English history, and he called it *A History of the Protestant 'Reformation' in*

England and Ireland. But Cobbett did something better than write history. He made history. It was his turbulent, vital force surging through England in his day that swept away the worst degradations of our Poor Law administration in rural districts, and that gave the English labourer the status of a man and of a citizen in place of a cypher in an endless line of dependents waiting upon public charity for the right to live. No one has pictured rural England as vividly as Cobbett has done, and no one has fought more valiantly for its redemption from a soulless feudalism which neither acknowledged the tie of kinship nor the right to freedom of thought and action.

Cobbett showed a greater genius in mastering the difficult art of living well than in writing well. He stood for justice in family life as well as in political life. The truculent bludgeoner in public stood out conspicuously different from so many a man of genius as a tender husband and a considerate father. This man who could subdue an entirely hostile House of Commons by his dominating personality never, apparently, gave an order to his children. He influenced by precept and reward, and they repaid him by loyalty and comradeship in managing his business affairs after he had been swindled by man after man as well as ruined more than once by the Government. Great as Cobbett was as a writer of forcible and lucid English, he stands out in the pages of history still greater as a man.

We get a glimpse of his peculiar sense of justice in that Rural Ride during which Cobbett had been a little put out (on an empty stomach) at Richard's portmanteau breaking loose from the saddle: "I jumped off, saying, '*Here*, I'll carry it *myself*.' And then I began to take off the remaining strap, pulling with great violence and great haste. Just at this time my eyes met his, in which I saw *great surprise*; and, feeling the just rebuke, feeling heartily ashamed of myself, I instantly changed my tone and manner. . . . Now, if such was the effect produced on me by the want of food for only two or three hours, me, who had dined well the day before and eaten toast and butter the overnight; . . . . if the not having breakfasted could, and under such circumstances, make me what you may call '*cross*' to a child like this whom I must necessarily love so much, to whom I never speak but in the kindest manner . . . how

great are the allowances that we ought to make for the poor creatures who in this once happy and now miserable country are doomed to lead a life of constant labour and half-starvation!"

Behind Cobbett's bracing egotism always loomed the spectre of the dispossessed.

There is no more tender picture, too, of young married life than that of Cobbett in Philadelphia going out bare-footed and stopping out all night long in order to drive away the dogs with stones, who barked incessantly near the house in which his wife lay ill and sleepless—stealing out bare-footed, lest the noise of his shoes might possibly reach the ears of his wife, who sank after a time into the desired sleep.

Cobbett's ringing shouts are now heard to-day all over England, for *Rural Rides* are every man's possession. His bequest to the labourers of England is to-day a living one. War, with all its sordid tragedy and heroic beauty, has awakened from their sleep a race of men determined to fight for their wives and children as they have fought for their country. Cobbett rides through every English county as the Deliverer, and before his trumpet-blasts fall the bastions of the last strongholds of feudal England. Behind their walls the servitors of kings and dukes have answered to the call of this great champion of Labour. Companies—aye, battalions—of workmen are forming into a great Brotherhood, which shall surely revive in England a guild of craftsmen after the heart of that robust, sporting, freedom-loving Englishman who would have been the St. George of Merrie England if England had the heart to be merry!

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Lessons of the Great Offensive

By Major Stuart-Stephens

THE obvious has materialised. And why not? The German war doctrine is simplicity pushed to its ultimate. And its method bridges over the gulf between strategy and tactics, since Prussian enveloping strategy brings about a series of battles of manœuvre in which enveloping tactics are the characteristic feature. The German High Command laboriously manufacture a PLAN founded on logically reasoned out conclusions. At what is calculated to be the psychological moment (it has taken some fourteen months since the hint of it became apparent to me by the advertisement of that amazing mare's nest, the Hindenburg "retreat") it is put into execution with lightning celerity—time being with the German system the essence of success. The "tidal wave," to use the phrase I coined when writing on March 12th for the April number of this REVIEW, has, as I anticipated, when Hindenburg had determined that the hour had arrived to strike, swept forward with terrific momentum and effaced the features of our military landscape as portrayed on the map prior to that fateful March 21st, 1918.

Such has been the story of Mr. Lloyd George's "knock-out blow," with the distinction that we have been its recipient. That it was coming has been made abundantly clear by Lieut.-General von Freytag-Loringhoven, who ranks officially as the third soldier in the German Empire by virtue of his office as Deputy Chief of the Grosser General Stab. As the military mouthpiece of the brain of the Teutonic War Giant, too much attention could not have been given to his words. Two months past I came across in his book, *Deductions from the World War*, the striking

passage: "We lost the Battle of the Marne owing to several causes. We will not make the same mistake again." Last month in this REVIEW what the several causes were I summed up in a few words. The Germans at the commencement of the war, by neglecting to use their strength as the balancing factor between the principles of mass and security, lost the, for the time, decisive Battle of the Marne. Thus when Freytag-Loringhoven confidently announced to his countrymen that the mistakes of the compaign of the rivers made by the dethroned Chief of the General Staff, von Moltke the Second, would not be repeated, those who knew enough of the personality of the present Deputy Chief of the Greater General Staff understood that the German theory of harmonised mass and movement would be pushed home to its uttermost logical conclusion. If the enemy can do so—and there is, I much fear me, not so very big an "if" about it—the vast operation now in progress as I write (March 15th), and having for its immediate objective Bethune, might be pushed home to Abbeville, leaving our main army encircled in a quadrilateral, bounded on the north by the Channel to Cape Grisnez, and from that angle westwards again by the Channel to the mouth of the Somme, while the southern and eastern sides were held by the enemy, which would mean either a Sedan, another Corunna, or cutting our way through to a line which approximately would be Havre—Rouen—Paris. Of the possibility of such an overwhelming catastrophe the handwriting on the wall has appeared in unmistakable language so far back as fourteen and a half months in these pages.

In what I have written in this REVIEW (and that was before the military collapse of Russia) I have never been otherwise than clear, concrete, and specific.

Last year, when the whole of our Press labelled the German withdrawal as a retreat without any warrant save that of the desire to induce the British reader to believe what is supposed to have been good for him to believe, I wrote on March 12th:

"The German retreat raises the question whether it is possible that an elaborate surprise in the field of the Western front is not being prepared for us by the German Greater General Staff. But why surprise? Because it is the most potent factor in the greatest of all games. In it lies the

foundation of all great operations, for without this factor the preponderance at the point that counts is not properly conceivable. And preponderance at the decisive hour is what the Prussian always aims at in tactics as well as in strategy. . . . The eternal principles of strategy! The lesson of that extraordinarily disastrous Muscovite-Manchurian War is the most recent example that, though tactics are governed by comparatively minor considerations such as the improvement of fighting weapons, from the three little cannon of Crécy to the 16½-in. howitzer under which the cupola forts of Liége soared to the nether blue, or the this or that of the value of subordinate leadership, the immemorial principles on which are founded the oft-misunderstood term 'greater strategy' still remain as fixed and unalterable as the planets in the outer firmament. . . . Let us seek to place ourselves in the position of the enemy. He is almost desperate at the spectacle of still more opponents coming into the fires. America two years hence will have to be reckoned with as a military factor. Obviously a favourable decision will have to be obtained in the meantime by the Hun, or he will go under. His policy is to cut short this prolonged war of attrition, and that by one of those defensive-offensive strokes so familiar to students of German strategic methods. Is it not possible that this retirement from a parallel fixed position will be to other and further parallel lines? The lessons of strategy as applied to the present situation forbid such a sweeping conclusion. . . .

"Let us endeavour to conceive what this third phase of the greatest of all the world's wars ought to assume according to the grey matter of the German Greater General Staff. To me it seems fairly obvious that the much misunderstood operation foreshadows that, as a development of the refusal of the German left flank, a complementary advance will next spring occur of the right, and that the vast movement will pivot on Lille as the most convenient *point d'appui* for a sledge-hammer blow at Abbeville. . . The essence of success in swinging forward a flank while the reverse is retired, *not in forced retreat*, is concentration on the threatened flank of the enemy. Thus we will read of a rapid accession taking place next spring on the German northern front of the British and French lines. And then

may be witnessed the attempt across the life-artery of rail and river that links Paris with the ports of Brittany and Normandy. And might not such a scheme include a forlorn endeavour of the Kaiser's High Sea Fleet to seize our Channel Islands? Surely this ultimate death-grapple between unscientific civilisation and scientific barbarism (monstrous paradox!) will in its final round give the neutral audience some thrilling surprises. Which also is the soul of strategy."

Here was no vague, hedging generalities, or, as our Transatlantic Allies would put it, no "pussy-footing," no "weasel-words."

Then for the May number of this REVIEW I wrote under the heading of "What is the German Plan?":

"The real meaning of Hindenburg's strategic withdrawal of his left flank has eluded the understanding of the British newspaper reader. . . . These measures are based on a thorough appreciation of the existing military situation . . . a situation which, with true Teutonic thoroughness, was provided for in the event of a swift and decisive campaign degenerating into a long-drawn-out one of positional operations. . . . They were devised as far back as 1911 by the late Chief of the General Staff, General Falkenhayn, when he was a Corps Commander, were submitted to and adopted by Moltke the Second, and on his dismissal were, in the leisure intervals of the second Polish campaign, elaborated by their creator, Moltke's successor. They provide for two alternatives. One, the 'refusal' of the left flank, followed after a due period of preparation by a complementary mass advance from the right flank pivoted upon Lille. The other alternative plan is that of a retrograde movement *en échelon* to a previously fortified line stretching from Antwerp diagonally across Belgium to Maubeuge, ending in Liége and Namur. The question of the hour is which of these plans is in progress. Is it the preliminary step in a vast movement which sooner or later will materialise in the launching of a giant thrust at the coast region with the view of severing our armies' life-arteries, the steel ways from the Channel ports? Such a policy would be in thorough accord with the teaching of my quondam Berlin acquaintance, Scheoff-Meckel, the creator of the victorious Japanese Army and the author of that

wonderful Teutonic military fantasy, *The Midsummer Night's Dream* (*Ein Sommernachstraum*), from which work is to be sought the true reasons why the German infantry persists in its addiction to the attack in closely locked masses. And be it borne in mind that when Meckel drew up the new attack formations * for the German infantry he called to his council one Colonel von Hindenburg. All these things count when endeavouring, as I have been for some thirty years, to get inside the Prussian Staff officer's skin, so to speak. I was once privileged to hear Scheoff-Meckel lecturing in Berlin at the Kriegs Akademie on 'Retirements as Opposed to Retreats,' and this is what was said by the man whose strategic doctrine has been absorbed and successfully utilised by the Mikado's General Staff and by Marshal Hindenburg, whose opinions sway his War Lord and Government, and at whose behest German people will make the last sacrifices to maintain the efficiency of their armies in the field: 'The advantages resulting from the choice of terrain, knowledge of locality, and the preliminary assembly of troops, which makes it possible to offer a sanguinary opposition one way or another for a certain time, are more than counteracted by moral considerations which (owing to permanent psychological conditions entirely apart from the improvements introduced into weapons and equipment) result in the subordination of the defender to the assailant. *And the larger the force*, the more disadvantageous does the defensive type of operations become. The conviction of superior strength, *whether it be well founded or not*, never fails to act on the assailant to the detriment of his adversary.' This is now the Hindenburg creed as taught by Meckel."

Reviewing the article in which the above appeared, the *Daily Mail* condescended in a leading article to say on May 7th, 1917: "In a very careful and well-reasoned study of the German strategy, a writer in the ENGLISH REVIEW discusses Hindenburg's aims. He concludes that

* Which finally abolished the "rain-worm" formation from Asia which had been introduced in the 'eighties in the belief that its adoption would diminish losses in the assault. This nickname, I may add, was given by the soldiers because of the appearance represented by an attack in force being made by infantry advancing in small, thin, wriggling columns. This loose form of advance was also, at the time of its brief vogue, owing to the confusion it caused, nicknamed "The Turkish battle," shortened to "Turks."

the Germans may swing back their left or eastern flank, and deliver a violent counter-stroke on their right near Ypres and the sea. . . . A series of great battles in open country is predicted, so that the Allies, on this interpretation, must be prepared for a period of fierce and sanguinary fighting."

In June, 1917, writing of the situation that I anticipated with absolute certainty would present itself this spring of 1918, I said: "The bedrock of the overwhelmingly serious problem that presents itself to us *now*, NOW, NOW, is the setting to work in deadly, brutal earnest for the provisioning of new reserves, so that Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig must have at his disposal a reserve of at least a million men."

Nearly a year ago, when I endeavoured to seize the moon with my teeth—"prendre la lune avec les dents"—to try to do the impossible by awakening my country in the pages of the ENGLISH REVIEW to the terrifically immediate need that coming events imposed upon the Government for a still further draft of a million men (colour immaterial), the naïve and universal ignorance of military affairs of the people was never more clearly illustrated than it was then by its state of uncomprehending complacency—a self-satisfied complacency—following on the discovery of that reassuring mare's nest, "the great Hindenburg retreat." "Fritz was knocked out; he was limping home to Berlin; peace in August; the boys will be home for their Christmas dinner." Well, eleven months have come and gone since my Editor, the only one of his order of mankind who has given me his persistent support, permitted me to disfigure his pages with my insistent *now*, NOW, NOW; and I doubt if the scales have yet fallen from the eyes that were then blind. The stimulating announcement is made that "*A Little Bit of Fluff* is still running merrily."

When in March last year I indicated Lille as the region from which the tidal wave would sweep, when in May last year I expressed the opinion that if in the following year we were to be saved from "unmerciful disaster, following fast and following faster," the machinery should then and there be set to work to manufacture still another million fighting men, I did not deem it necessary to explain the reasons why, when all eyes were fixed upon Hinden-

burg's evacuated line, Lille would twelve months later on assume a tragic interest for the readers of this REVIEW. I thought they were sufficiently apparent. Given a vast strategic movement directed from the northern territory in the enemy's possession, Lille stands revealed as the natural base or jumping-off point—call it what you will. As centre of the first French Territorial Army Corps, Lille provides for strategic railway communication with Dunkirk, Maubeuge, and with the garrisons of Arras, Cambrai, Douai, and St. Omer. Four years before the war I was for a fortnight the guest at Lille of the General Commandant of le 1er Corps d'Armée, an Engineer officer under whom I had served when he was Commandant of the sea base of Majunga in the Madagascar Expedition of 1895. Said he to me: "If my corps centre fell into the hands of the enemy it would prove of especial danger to the British Expeditionary Force. Its province of houses gives unrivalled qualities for concentration, concealment, and manœuvre; while its splendid network of rails and first-class roads would give the Germans better means than anywhere else for covering a big concentration of troops with greater facilities for moving them to a new front, and from here are the main and most convenient roads to Calais and Boulogne." I was in no wise surprised at General Ballioud's estimation of the importance of the Lille region, as when in Berlin on secret service for the 2nd Bureau of the French War Office I had heard the same opinion expressed by General Bronsart von Schlendendorff, sometime Prussian Minister of War, and author of *The Duties of the General Staff*. It may be imagined that I placed a very keen value on any crumbs of knowledge that I continued to pick up from that very learned soldier, who, when a colonel, brought the news to old King William of the Imperial surrender at Sedan. As to why the blow fell on the centre of the northern line, I may hazard the explanation that it was due to a course of reasoning such as one might have expected as the fruit of the Prussian Staff brain. In former operations the enemy had feinted at the centre before driving home a blow at the French right—Verdun. In this last great offensive he piled up reserves opposite our centres. Then, thanks to the Lille strategic railway system, a concentration of the enemy by daylight was

ostentatiously effected in the area of our left and of the French right in Champagne, which was countered by a hurried demonstration by the Allies. Following this, thanks still more to the web of the Lille lines of communication, an immense concentration was effected after nightfall when trains were safe from prying eyes in the clouds, and within two days after we had discovered the nature of the movement the blow fell on our undermanned centre. *Voilà tout l'affaire.*

Where will the next blow fall, and when? The most likely answer to the most momentous question of the war may be found in a consideration of the enemy's *motif*. Now the leading doctrine of German fighting tactics is not, as is sometimes supposed, the offence *à outrance*, but the immediate and unhesitating attack when superiority in numbers has once been gained. This craving for superiority of numbers logically leads the German Higher Command to encourage prudence in their tactical advanced guard actions (such as have been in progress on their broad advance since their first surprise blow on our centre) until their units in the rear are deployed.* In the organisation of this prearranged battle we will find, properly speaking, no general reserve, and for the very simple reason that a general reserve is incompatible with a German-conceived plan of a "Kaiser battle," one which aims at any cost at a supreme decision. The Greek phalanx had no general reserve; it was its own reserve—*so now at this momentous phase of the war* is the German Army, for the brain of the enemy is in the next great general action playing for mighty stakes. These are, it is as clear as noonday, the isolation in a quadrilateral I have described of its true objective, the main British Army, and to essay the accomplishment of which the enemy's efforts will be directed to the imposing upon our new Gallic Generalissimo the necessity for giving battle in the Abbeville region.

Pending this consummation, which to my mind the enemy is evidently playing for, the full German strength in men and heavy ordnance will be in process of development.

* Writing on April 16th, I calculate these as being approximately 70 divisions each 14,000 strong—10,000 bayonets, with a liberal allowance for artillery, transport, staff, and other *personnel*; in all, 800,400 combatants and non-combatants.

The Struggle for a Decision

By Austin Harrison

THE continuous battle which began on March 21st is clearly designed on the grand scale of finality. Without any doubt the German General Staff have determined to fight for a decision on the Western front in a series of continuous battles with the object of defeating the Allied Armies, and so eventually obtaining that strategic result which ever since the stagnation of positional warfare has been militarily and publicly regarded as unobtainable. A year ago General Hindenburg declared in an interview that the line could be smashed, given the necessary conditions (1) of surprise, (2) of guns, (3) of numbers; and that when the time came the Germans would do it. They have done it. By attacking on what hitherto has been held to be an impossibly wide front after a bombardment of only a few hours but of hurricane intensity and depth of range, they secured the necessary surprise with the complementary result, as we obtained it at Cambrai. The period of positional warfare is thus ended. The war of movement has begun, and has extended with the second break-through at Armentières. Clearly the great struggle must now be fought out to its frightful end, and probably will continue to rage for the next four months. It may end the war. It will certainly drain the armies of Europe to the lees, and will be pushed by the Germans to the bitter conclusion.

In such a crisis there is not much that can be usefully said. The German attack obviously fell on an unexpected sector, otherwise the small—extension—forces holding those forty miles there, as revealed by Colonel Repington in the *Morning Post*, seem inexplicable. It was a surprise. On the first day of the attack we had few aeroplanes on that sector, the reserves were inadequate, and consequently the German losses were normal—as, indeed, must have been the case in so rapid an advance. It was the French who saved the situation. Once more the motor-lorry, as in the first days at Verdun, stopped the gap in the southern end

of the line; once more the French stormed up into the breach in every form of vehicle and held on, thereby restoring a position which at one moment appeared to be desperate. But the Germans did not risk this gigantic struggle to give in at the first or second check. For the first time since 1914 they are free to attack us at full strength. They possess a huge artillery—with improvements. They have reorganised, regrouped, and re-generalled their armies. The plan has, of course, been worked out long ago. It will proceed methodically at all costs. It will, I estimate, be carried out on the basis of two to three million effectives, and there is, unfortunately, no doubt that the enemy has acquired the strategic initiative from the first day on practically the whole front.

We must be prepared for a series of terrific battles on different parts of the line with the object of breaking up the defence of position and securing our northern lines of communication. Yet not Amiens, or Hazebrouck, or St. Omer is the objective. The objective is the main armies of the Entente—Foch's strategic reserve. Probably the Germans have reckoned upon a four months' offensive, and their purpose will be to maintain the continuous movement, cumulatively leading to a decisive battle. They are fighting for the quadrilateral. Their maximum is the coast. The normal result they hope to obtain is the strategic dislocation of our northern front, the wearing down and destruction of our armies, the disorganisation of our supplies and rail communications, and so an end which will leave us in a very unfavourable strategic position for the prosecution of the war, when the American armies are able to take the offensive, next year. Their minimum is a struggle to the death. It has only begun. The Germans intend, if possible, to end the war by war. They hope to end it by a military decision. They will put forth every effort at least to terminate the battle on a line which strategically will render nugatory any one million and a half offensive by the Americans next summer.

The nature of the crisis that has arisen can be grasped by anybody who looks at a map. The Paris—Amiens line is cut, our northern railway system is partly lost and

threatened in its main arteries, the front has bulged back into huge salients with great loss of material of all kinds upon unprepared positions, thereby greatly extending the length of the line, and so prematurely drawing on the reserves. Our losses have been exceedingly heavy, but the most serious feature is the loss of the strategic initiative, which in the defensive war that we intended to wage this year should have remained ours, as it remained with the Germans unmistakably all through 1917. For some reason we do not appear to have imitated their mobile defensive tactics, which enabled the Germans last year to resist with low losses in guns and men our formidable onslaughts. The depletion of effectives on the St. Quentin front and the apparent lack of a strategic reserve and of an emergency strategic plan are matters which demand grave inquiry. Still more does it seem extraordinary that north of the Scarpe, where apparently the attack was anticipated, so vital a strategic sector as that just below Armentières should have been entrusted to the Portuguese, who, as might have been expected, yielded before the German rush, and so disastrously affected our strategic northern position. We are now told that General Foch is in complete command. His generalship will be tried to the utmost because positional war is at an end, and all pre-arranged dispositions, tactical and strategic, have been upset. Our fate literally depends upon the endurance of the British soldier.

With the great struggle in full blast, all idea of peace is relegated to the battlefield; nor can there be any interest in such a thing until this blood-issue has been decided. Mr. Lloyd George over a year ago called for the "knock-out"; he has got his way in the contest that is in progress. With him, let us pray that the hardihood and courage of our men will suffice. We must be prepared to face a summer of death and sorrow such as Britain has never known. We cannot now waver. The destinies of Europe will for the next few months hang on the intellectual duel between the two commanders, Foch and Ludendorff; nor have we any right to complain. "*Tu l'as voulu*," we may cry in the historic words to the Prime Minister, but we willed it also. When Lord Lansdowne raised his voice to summon back the Government to reason, the nation made no response.

All attempts to search for an avenue of peace were rudely assailed and broken. Neither Liberalism—what remains of it—nor Labour—if it is a party—cared or dared to stem the career of madness compassed in the Georgian policy of negation, so intoxicating was the delight in the theory of physical supremacy. Now we must go through to the end. Mr. George refused to listen to the advice of the few men who could give him useful advice, refused everything but force; now we must fight it out, unfortunately already in conditions of disability that certainly Mr. George was the last man to anticipate or provide for.

That is the gravity of the whole situation—the irresponsibility of the Prime Minister. Before the attack he led the country to believe that we possessed numerical superiority; as all know, his "kept" Press iterated again and again our superiority in all branches of arms, and probably 99 per cent. of opinion in the country shared the popular delusion of our defensive impregnability. But after the attack the Prime Minister assured Parliament not only that it was expected, but that the exact spot was known; that, therefore, there was *no surprise* at all. Now, this is an astonishing somersault, even for Mr. George. In the first place, Lord Curzon declared it was a surprise on the same day in the Upper House. In the second, Mr. Bonar Law, who a fortnight before the attack stated that he was "sceptical" of any attack, admitted that "our military advisers and the *miliary advisers of our French Allies* believed that, if attacked, we ran no serious danger." Thirdly, the country has at least the right to know why, if we knew the spot and expected the attack, we held so thin a line there; had so few reserves at hand, so few aeroplanes on the sector; had no strategic army in reserve, and did not fight on the mobile defensive system governed by strong counter-attacks from secure positions in the rear? Mr. George has condemned Versailles * out of his own mouth.

And condemned himself. Over a year ago he told his

* Lord Curzon (April 10th) made the particularly interesting statement that "the French Commander, indeed, *continued up to the end to expect the attack on the Champagne Front,* which was held by his gallant troops." There is no doubt of this. As we know, the French, rushing up from the Champagne, ultimately saved the situation.

countrymen that the Germans were "whining for peace"; to-day our men are fighting with matchless bravery for life. Four months ago he told us he "no longer feared submarines"; to-day the great national problem is shipbuilding. But this is not the moment to denounce Mr. George. If men are ready to believe in him after his absurdly trifling attempt to justify himself and his policy by discrediting his own Generalissimo, then Mr. George is the right man for the country. But the facts at this hour are horribly real, and they will exact the full measure. The dances and home jollifications must give place to extreme sacrifice and resolve, for if we do not now brace ourselves to face the facts and grasp the gravity of the crisis in which the Prime Minister has landed us, he may yet lose us the war. Men have asked me what is the explanation of this new phase, but I have nothing new to say. For three years I have written non-commercially or honestly—attempting, that is, to rouse my countrymen to the sense and exigencies of war, and any man who takes the trouble to look through the files of the ENGLISH REVIEW during the last three years will find that practically all that I said has come true, whether about the defection of Russia or the exact month of the recent German offensive.

In the article called "1918" (February issue) I wrote: "*The year opens with every prospect of the most terrible and critical battles of the world-war. It is well that we should all realise this. Militarily, the situation is clearer defined than at any previous time. For the first time the Germans are free to concentrate solely upon the West. And as the law of all German strategy is to anticipate, we may be sure that the German General Staff will not passively await developments, but will seek to deal us a strategic and life-draining blow before the American armies can appear in force upon the field . . . and if the Government fail to raise at least a million men in the next few weeks, the responsibility they will incur may never be forgotten or forgiven.*"

Those words were written in mid-January. Mr. George did not raise that million army, so secure did he feel. In the article purposely called "The Ides of March" (March issue) I wrote: "*We stand, then, in the Ides of March*

before the supreme tragedy and the supreme decision of Old Europe. This March either the fighting will be renewed, or men really make some brave attempt now to anticipate the old bloody way and see not only what there is left to fight for, but how an end can be reached. On the decision that we take this March the issue, and the nature of the issue, of the great war will assuredly depend." The article was an appeal to Mr. Wilson to control the Versailles policy. It closed with the words : "*But if Mr. Wilson does not make up his mind to intervene forcibly, then the Ides of March will probably find us at war again for another good six months.*"

The German attack almost exactly coincided with the Ides of March. Up to that date there was just a chance of finding some formula for negotiation, but Mr. George thought the Germans were beaten and could strike nowhere successfully, and so Versailles was born—studiously avoided by America. Mr. George placed the British Army under French command and British policy under M. Clemenceau. Versailles thus closed the door, and General Robertson resigned. As I foretold three months ago, the moment that the Germans understood the position they opened the offensive which has already changed the entire military situation, and obviously has not yet reached its full height, and is certain to extend in May to Italy, who cannot be strongly helped.

I refer to my own repeated warnings purely to show the extraordinary condition of delusion in which Mr. George and his friends have basked ever since they came into power with a free mandate for war. Only ten days before the German attack I was lunching with a very distinguished soldier, and listened with dismay to the careless misjudgment of the military situation as expressed by his notable guests. Not a man there thought the line could possibly be forced. Not a man thought any serious offensive could be made, so "weak" was the German *moral*. When I told them the Germans would attack in March and I thought it would be a two-million offensive, leading to the gravest crisis in the war, these gentlemen, all holding high responsible positions, laughed.

Man-Power and Ireland

By the Editor

If the new Man-Power Bill bears palpable traces of panic legislation, no man who has supported the Government in their extremist physical policy has any reason to complain, nor should any man be surprised. A year ago the English Review pointed out that we ought to build up a million strategic Army of Reserve, but the suggestion was pooh-poohed as a civilian contribution. In the February issue, clearly foreseeing the inevitable result of the half-measure Man-Power Bill introduced by Mr. George in January, I wrote: "The Man-Power Bill provides for half a million men, when what we need are *two millions*. It is true that a great number of men could and should be obtained from the bases, from the huge army wasting in England, from the army of occupation in Ireland, and from the *million occupational exemptions*, and it is to be hoped that somehow public opinion will force the Government to comb out from these places; but the object of war is peace, and unless we are willing to wage war indefinitely, the need of placing the whole available man-power of the land on a war footing was *never in the history of any country* more urgent. That is to say, if we want to win; for to rely upon America as the 'knock-out' medium is to defer the issue indefinitely. Surely if we are to fight to a finish the whole country should be mobilised and every effort made to obtain a decision *before further landslides take place or new phenomena arise to redress the balance of the old. Britain has never stood before a greater crisis.*" To these words I have nothing to add. It only remains to say that it is almost inconceivable that the Government should have had no emergency Bill *ready*, so that in the event of a crisis the plans would be in existence and the result automatic, but the Bill which the Government submitted was motived as a surprise Bill, and pleaded for on that ground.

The fathers of families will now have to console themselves with the grim fact that the age is higher in England than in any other belligerent country, the Germans having recently released the 1869 class for good, while the French long ago released as many married men over forty as they could. The war is thus brought "home" to us in its hideous reality, and no doubt many elderly men will turn up the map to have a curious look at the little territory called Alsace-Lorraine for which Englishmen are to-day called upon to fight at an age considerably higher than that prevailing in the country for whose war "demand" they are committed.

The question is, or should be, one purely of military utility. All soldiers are agreed that few men over forty are of much military value, and the Government itself estimates that value at 7 per cent.: which on the whole, seeing that we are a sporting people, would seem too low. Yet without a doubt these elderly men could, after a little training, become a useful body of the *Landsturm* for home defence, thus releasing a not unimportant force of trained and younger men for service. Our present Home Army is ludicrously high and quite unnecessary. We could easily send out 400,000 of these men, filling their places with the middle-aged, and that presumably is the intention of the Government.

That the Bill will cause grave dislocation and much misery is inevitable. But these men have all supported the Prime Minister in his career of extremism; they must now support him physically, no matter how the hospitals are filled with smokers'-heart cases and the numerous breakdowns inseparable from the violent change from the home to camp life. There seems only one thing more to say. It is to express the hope that at least some principle of equality of sacrifice will be preserved. If the fathers are called up, the least they will demand is that an end be put to the long list of camouflage officers, to the numerous exemptions by virtue of position, money, or favouritism, and to the scandal of the umbrella known as "*on national work*." Otherwise, grave injustice will be done to those men who scorn to take these jobs, as doubtless many thousands will. There is also the question of commissions. Are men of forty and over to be refused commissions? It

is a paradoxical position. The father of forty-five may find himself in a company captained by his clerk, whose wages he pays, whereas he has lost all his income, and can only obtain 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. How he is to keep his family on that sum does not seem clear. The matter of a pension is most serious. If he falls—and many will fall—his family is only entitled to a private's pension. Has the Bill considered this aspect? Before we are through with this business there may be many widows in this predicament. What is to happen to their families? Alsace-Lorraine will not compensate them, nor will Mr. George's main support, the *Daily Mail*. These are considerations which are perplexing middle-aged Britain, and are likely to cause still greater perplexity before many months have passed.

It is officially admitted that 80 per cent. of those liable for service between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-two have not been called up. Is the Government going to call up the older men before these men have been claimed? Are the men in the Civil Service to remain over twenty-five while elderly men have to give up all? It does not seem clear. Some people consider that the whole Bill is camouflage, with the object of suppressing criticism and stifling opinion, but I do not take that view. Mr. George called for a dog-fight, and he has got it—that is the explanation. All through the autumn he delayed bringing in his Man-Power Bill, and the truth is that we are short, precisely as Colonel Repington predicted. The terrible waste, and wasteful use, of men in the Army is the true reason for this desperate resort, and the fact that we have been taken by surprise. If the knock-out was to be our objective, we ought a year ago to have had this Bill, so that the older men could have gradually trained themselves for service. But intelligent anticipation is the last thing to expect from the Government. There is nothing for it now but submission. The crisis is grave. It may become graver. I certainly think the fathers should form the Home Army, for few of them will be of much use in the field. But Mr. George has always proceeded by jerks. This is his latest, that is all. Militarily, it will be of very little use. Educationally, it is calculated to do a lot of good.

The Bill in its application, by Order in Council, of conscription to Ireland can only be described by anyone

cognisant of the situation in that island as—madness; so much so that perhaps Mr. Gardiner of the *Daily News* is correct in his supposition that the Prime Minister is deliberately riding for a fall in order to relieve himself of further responsibility. And this theory receives additional support from the hostile and rough way in which Mr. George introduced his Bill, at the same time admitting that he knew there would be "trouble."

About the Convention nothing can be said profitably. It failed, as was pointed out in these pages last autumn, because Ulster from start to finish blocked all constructive effort. Its epitaph was succinctly spoken by Mr. T. Healy in Parliament. "The result of the Convention (he said) was a narrative of events signed by the chairman, a report amounting to a *non possumus* signed by the Orangemen, and a report signed by twenty-two Nationalists asking for Colonial Home Rule. Therefore, Home Rule as a result of the Convention must be a blend of two negations and an objection." That is the truth. Carson has won. The Ulster Council have done what the *Northern Whig* told them to do last summer—consigned the Convention "to the waste-paper basket."

That should be clearly understood by all Englishmen who care to know the truth.

The astonishing thing in this performance is that only a couple of months ago the Government asserted that it was not considered feasible to attempt to conscript Irishmen, but to-day the Government apparently think that it is feasible. Yet even Mr. George's advisers must have noted the consternation caused by the Bill among Nationalist members, must have listened to the firm repudiation by Mr. John Dillon, must have attributed some reason to the passionate appeals of Mr. Devlin and of Captain Gwynne, must indeed pay some attention to its immediate result—the coalition of Nationalist and Sinn Fein leaders to organise a common policy of resistance under the bond of the Church and entwined Nationalist and Sinn Fein flags.

Mr. George claimed the other day to "know something of political strategy," yet such is the fecklessness and irresponsibility of our Prime Minister that in introducing the Bill he had to admit that he had not read the unanimous

report against conscription of a Committee of his own Convention, composed of three Unionists and two Nationalists under the chairmanship of the Duke of Abercorn. This Committee reported that it would be impossible to impose a system of compulsory service in Ireland *without the assent and co-operation of an Irish Parliament.* Yet Mr. George professed not to have heard of it, just as the other day he professed not to know anything about Proportional Representation. No Irish leader was consulted. His own Convention tell him it is impossible, yet such is Mr. George's contempt for Parliament that he airily dismisses that finding as of no account, and decrees that the thing shall be, because he has changed his mind.

Apparently Mr. George now thinks he is King John in addition to Napoleon.

The real question is again military utility, and here I claim the right to speak on this side. The result of any attempt to conscript Ireland will be met by national organised resistance, probably passive resistance, in which the Church and all public bodies will join. Our Press, which is controlled by Mr. George and his new secret Hotel Committees *à la* Tsarist Russia, has not told the deluded British public of the storm which Mr. George's *pronunciamento* has provoked in Ireland, but a few examples will show both its nature and its extent. The Cardinal Primate of Ireland, who sent me the telegram reproduced all over the world last summer, "If Convention fails, chaos," has issued a public letter, wherein he says: "*There is nothing for it but passive resistance in every shape and form.*" These are the words of a studiously moderate man, opposed to Sinn Fein, who controls the Hierarchy. The Bishops of Kildare, Cork, Killaloe, and Killala have already issued appeals in the same sense. In a night Mr. George has thrown loyalist and Nationalist Ireland into the arms of Sinn Fein in a way that no Irishman considered possible. If he attempts to enforce his Bill he will raise internecine war, as Sir E. Carson attempted to do in 1914.

Probably Mr. George imagined he could do a deal with the Nationalist members by giving them some form of Home Rule—which Bill he is preparing—in return for conscription. But this is a ghastly misjudgment. Let me quote the words of that distinguished American writer who

signs himself F. H., one of the editors of the *New Republic*, for it may explain the kind of thought that prompted Mr. George's rash action. Writing of Mr. Redmond, F. H. said: "Ulster could never have deterred Parnell. There is no doubt in my mind that long before Sir Edward Carson got his rifles from Germany Parnell would have carried the war into Orange Ulster and made the rest of Ireland masters at home. Parnell would have gone through Edward Carson as steel goes through paper. He would have grappled with the real Orangeman where he lives. The fate of Ireland would not have been left to meddlesome duchesses, retired Army colonels, junkers in the defeated House of Lords, political climbers like F. E. Smith who happened to be in the Opposition, the "to-hell-with-the-Pope" idealists, the Belfast Chamber of Commerce. The people of Ireland would have been made completely and dangerously alive to their liberties during those years that Sir Edward Carson was playing the game of British Toryism and Northcliffe irresponsibility in Ireland. And there would have been an answer to the Ulster banks in the south of Ireland, to the Ulster manufacturer and the British manufacturer, which Liberal England and Unionist Ireland would equally clearly have understood. Had John Redmond given a free channel to Irish popular will, he might have seen Home Rule established long before he died, and fathered the first Irish Parliament. The real reason for lamenting this is the present diffusion of Irish purpose. Rebellion is sometimes an attractive escape from life, but Parnell understood that the best place to utilise the rebellious impulse was inside the British Constitution, and nothing but his downfall would have driven young Irishmen to Sinn Fein. It is the tragedy of John Redmond's career that he allowed constitutionalism to impose on him, to dictate his method, to hamper his will. He was, for an Irish leader, prematurely conservative. A man of courage and faith and rectitude, he made the one mistake of an agitator. He accepted the established code before the order he strove for was established."

That is true. Mr. George possibly thought Mr. Dillon would follow in Mr. Redmond's footsteps; apparently still thinks he can manage it, provided some sort of a hasty autonomy is conferred upon the Irish, which would enable

him to "force" conscription, so far as English opinion was concerned. Mr. Barnes seems to think so too. If so, they are making a colossal blunder that will lead to fearful bloodshed and scenes which will rival the Turkish-Armenian massacres.

So far as conscription in Ireland is concerned, the root point is the sanction of an Irish Parliament, and nothing less. No deal, no bribery, no trickery will avail. The whole of Ireland, including many Ulstermen, will regard conscription by Order in Council as a deliberate attempt to coerce and degrade Irishmen, and that with or without any Home Rule Bill. Only the sanction of an Irish Parliament can decree conscription in Ireland. Any attempt to enforce it without such sanction will be resisted by guerilla warfare and every manner of resistance and evasion possible.

I can say no more. What about America? Has Mr. Wilson given his assent to Irish conscription by Council? I cannot believe it. He has exempted Irishmen in America. I know that Colonel House is particularly anxious for an Irish settlement. It seems as if Mr. George had again failed to keep in touch with America, and has been led by the nose by the gang which he has assembled round him, and who now control his very soul. The tragedy of this thing is its stupidity. All Ireland would have fought for us in 1914 had we carried out our own law, the Home Rule Act, which Mr. George, then in his democratic pose, himself so ardently supported. But we failed in our pledge, failed even in our law. Instead of realising the world-significance of Ireland, imperially, morally, and racially, Mr. Asquith's Government yielded to Carson, and Ireland was "written out." Instead of setting up impartial recruiting officers, we set up political Unionist Protestant officers who deliberately kept the Catholics out. Recruiting became a political hunting-ground for placemen and anti-Catholics, with what results we are to-day witnessing. The country was estranged and irritated beyond measure. Our broken pledge revived all the old antagonisms, all the old racial feuds, and probably was the direct cause of America's long neutrality. It might have been so different. With any imagination, we could have won and bound Ireland to us for ever. But we did not even try, and ever since Mr.

George has been in power the evil influences which have dragged him step by step into the present crisis have goaded him on to this plunge. Last summer they nearly succeeded in provoking an outburst. All the machinery was ready—the armoured cars, troops, especially Scotch troops, the police *régime* of provocation—but it failed because of the death of Thomas Ashe in gaol. There followed the *Daily Mail* diatribes and alarums, followed by sundry newspaper appeals for conscription. These gentlemen have won—that is the situation. It now remains to be seen how they propose to carry it out.

They have already succeeded in one thing which is likely to prove of historic significance—they have made a united Ireland. They will discover that Irishmen can die in Ireland as bravely as they have died for us in France and Flanders. If they raise a division, they will be lucky, and they may have a bloody guerilla warfare to wage in the western hills.

With what object? Why seek another front? It can only estrange the Irish and English peoples, and it cannot be of any but the smallest military utility. Its repercussion on America will be instantaneous and serious. Mr. George should be in no delusion about that. I know the average opinion, "Well, let us have it out if they won't fight," but that is a superficial attitude. Our cause is a moral one. It is, or was, to fight for the rights of little peoples, to affirm the principle of democratic consent, to break down the military philosophy of the Germans.

Can any man pretend that we are acting up to these noble principles if we virtually have to make war on Ireland, who, after all, only claims the law we ourselves gave to her in 1914? Put on her honour, all Ireland would fight with us. Ireland is our test of statesmanship and civilisation. If we fail at home, we forfeit the right to speak for others. The whole Irish question is an international responsibility. As I have written again and again, it is the corner-stone of our British trust, morally and imperially. Discard that trust, and we declare bankrupt our moral cause, and America and the world will condemn us.

From the beginning of this world-struggle Ireland was our national and international key, the blood-stone of our

Imperial attestation. If we break it, we will have lost our common justification, and it may largely lose us the good will—and hope—of America.

Mr. George has never been to Ireland and knows nothing about that country, but if he reads Irish newspapers he will find that the Ulster (Carson) Press are already claiming the right to "revise pledges about conscription," which, as Sir E. Carson knows, is not at all popular in Ulster. These Ulster organs flatly state that if Home Rule is forced upon them they will be "free" to oppose conscription. This shows one side of the difficulty. From the Irish national point of view, conscription would involve the virtual destruction of the Irish race, which in major part has already been driven overseas. The whole man-power question of Ireland is abnormal. Ireland is largely an island of children, middle-aged and old men, as the insurance statistics reveal. In the last twenty years over half a million emigrated. The bleeding process in Ireland has gone terribly deep. In existing conditions, only the press-gang can recruit there. Local Tribunals would not act, and now that the Church has officially associated itself with resistance, recruiting would have to be carried out by physical force on the lines of arrests and razzias. If the Government want soldiers, why not take the Irish Constabulary, one of the finest body of men in the world? The whole business will be tragic comic opera. When v. Kühlmann was the honoured guest at the review of Carson's Army at Belfast a few months before the war, Sinn Fein was born. The whole work is Carson's, and the world knows it, and the benediction of the Archbishop of Canterbury will not wipe out the stain. No attempt to sweeten the dose by talk or promise of all-round Federation—such a revolution obviously cannot be brought about undiscussed by the country even to please the Prime Minister—can alter a situation which, if forced at push of pike and bayonet, will ostracise us before the bar of history.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Poet's Pilgrimage. By W. H. Davies. A. Melrose, Ltd. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Davies, the poet, on tramp makes a charming volume, chiefly because the author has the child's point of view, and, furnished with a subtle humour that is characteristically Welsh, he is able to invest even the flea-plagued loafers on the road with a touch of his own romance. The poet writes with a literary simplicity reminiscent rather of Goldsmith, if his records or adventures are of the slightest. Indeed, the ordinary man would not understand how out of such slender stuff a whole book could be conceived, yet Mr. Davies manages it, and really seems to think that he had quite a Quixotic time, what with his daily search for ale and bed and his wayside conversations with the fraternity. In this sense Mr. Davies has produced quite a small gem. In all Europe, among all God's human creatures, there can be none so low, so dirty, so lousy, so utterly unromantic and unlovely as the English tramp toiling from one workhouse to another and defiling the countryside with their fleas and their dirt; indeed, they are not allowed in any country but England. These were the author's companions. Almost he makes them sympathetic; but not quite. Even a real poet cannot beautify our tramp. A happy book which makes a man happy to read it.

POETRY

Poems, with Fables in Prose. By Herbert Trench. Two vols. Constable. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Herbert Trench, whom one might call the doyen of the younger poets, here attains the deserved recognition of a "collected edition," in two handsome and convenient volumes. It is, of course, somewhat late in the day for any

(*Continued on p.* 472.)

£100 PRIZE

FOR AN ESSAY ON

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THROUGH the generosity of a donor who desires to remain anonymous, THE ENGLISH REVIEW offers a prize of £100 for an original essay on President Wilson's policy, a League of Nations, treated historically and humanly—human nature being what it is.

A distinguished jury will award the prize, which will be announced on July 1st, and the essay must not be shorter than 4,000 and not longer than 7,000 words, and must be written in English.

Essays must be sent in not later than June 1st, must be typewritten, signed, and marked clearly "Competition," and addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. The Prize Essay will be published in the July number of the REVIEW, one month after which date copyright will be released to the author.

The following gentlemen have very kindly consented to act as judges with the Editor:

The Master of Balliol.
Lord Parmoor.
General Sir Ian Hamilton.
John Galsworthy.
H. G. Wells.
Professor C. W. C. Oman.

Note.—For fuller particulars, see the April number of the REVIEW.

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"Mr. Brailsford's new book deserves the praise it has received. Perhaps no British publicist combines such an extensive knowledge of foreign affairs and foreign political literature with such power of lucid and dispassionate analysis, and such a faculty of seeing all round complicated problems. His thoughtful pages might be studied with profit in every country in Europe. Nowhere else have the deep-rooted causes of our troubles been more comprehensively set forth, or the way of escape more helpfully indicated."—*"G. P. G." in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.*

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By "Lucian." **(2s. net.)**

THREE EARLY REVIEWS.

I.

"'Lucian's' '1920,' if it comes into the right hands, should be torn out of its covers and hurled at the grate or the waste-paper basket, while the words 'preposterous,' 'abominable,' 'fellow ought to be shot' pepper it like shrapnel. . . . By delicate exaggeration 'Lucian' makes clear as in a looking-glass the uglier tendencies of our times. No one who cares for wit and intellectual energy should fail to read him."

DAILY NEWS.

II.

"We venture the opinion that 'Lucian's' work is by far the most powerful piece of satire which has appeared during the war. There is only one surviving writer who has handled contemporary affairs with comparable force, but the pen of Anatole France has not dared to touch this theme. . . . 'Lucian' strews around him the relics of our Christianity and our democracy. His climax in 'The New Jerusalem' is an invention of such rollicking comedy that Thackeray, we doubt not, would have called it blasphemous, and bidden us 'hoot him.'"—*The NATION.*

III.

"His satire is very instructed—no Swift lashing out at 'Wood's halfpence' with great fury and little knowledge, but the economist at the breakfast table, delicately pulling the leg of a society which, having 'liquefied' capital, proceeds under the pleaded urgency of the war to liquefy labour as well. It is a good method which, by contrast, lends force to the occasionally Johnsonian stamp of the foot. . . . The gayest and most delightful fragment in the book is the ultimate one of the 'New Jerusalem,' which contains 'the ceremonial return of the Chosen People to the City of their Choice' and the 'ceremonial deposit of the Gold Reserve, upon which the whole fabric of world finance now rests, in the vaults of the Temple, the economic Holy of Holies.'"—*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.*

THE TOWER

By "Watchman." **(2s. net.)**

"An anticipatory description of a Britain thirty years hence when the ideals of William Morris (and of Oliver Goldsmith) are realised in a happy rejuvenated country, chiefly by means of the establishment in industry of National Guilds, of village settlements with small manual industries and allotments for returned soldiers. . . . It is a book of no small literary merit, and is in the form of a tour of a modern Cobbett. . . . 'The Tower' means England—'a Tower under whose walls a juster industrialism employs the thousands of our workers, and across whose broad uplands and wide forests a vigorous peasantry once more lives in the fear of God.'"—

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

HEADLEY BROS., Publishers, Ltd., 72, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

(*Continued from p.* 469.)

attempt to place the author among his contemporaries, and equally too early to estimate his position with posterity. As shown in this assembly of poems, covering the whole period of his literary activity, one sees both the beauty and the limitations of a very distinctive and personal art. Mr. Trench has always been of the academic school of singers. His are the careful raptures of a fastidious and highly educated taste; one has never any delusion that they are not entirely capable of recapture under favourable conditions. Lines there are still, here and there, that must make the judicious grieve; some that for very charity we abstain from quoting. On the whole, however, Mr. Trench sustains a fine level of scholarly and dignified achievement—especially in "Deirdre Wedded," the most considerable of his narrative poems. The Fables in Prose appear to us less successful; the same thing has been done so often before by other hands, and with a surer touch. It is only fair, after this somewhat carping criticism, to dwell for a moment on the exquisite beauty of a tiny song beginning:

Her, my own sad love divine—

in writing which Mr. Trench has proved himself capable of the highest and simplest expression of a very human and poignant thought.

SOCIAL

MY AMERICAN VISIT. By the RT. HON. SIR F. E. SMITH, Bart., K.C., M.P. Hutchinson. 6*s.* net.

It is not possible to review this book, which is clearly a propaganda affair, though what it is supposed to propagate it is difficult to understand. In these times paper and labour should be more valuable. It is interesting to note that Sir F. E. Smith revealed that it was Sir Edward Carson who asked him to go to America. The author's Irish speeches, as we know, caused serious trouble over there.

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The Biography of an Idea. "Pelmanism."

BY EDWARD ANTON.

WELL-WRITTEN biography is the cinematograph of literature. It is "real" life in letters, and hence it possesses an interest which is rarely exceeded by even the cleverest work of fiction—a fact to which the ablest writers of fiction have paid homage by grafting material gathered from life upon the tissues of their own ingenious imaginings.

This interest in biography is doubtless due, in part, to a desire for amusement, but, in a far greater measure, it is due also to a desire for instructive information. Not information for its own sake, but for purposes of guidance, of inspiration, and, very largely, of enabling us to appreciate the work of the man—be he writer, man of action, or leader of current thought—in its true light. It is indispensable that, in forming a just estimate of the sincerity, the authority, and the underlying motives of a man, we should know something of his antecedents, his environment, and his life-struggles.

As with men, so with ideas. We live in an age of ideas. Some of them flash suddenly and brilliantly into the area of our consciousness; others, of slower growth, only succeed in compelling recognition and attention after a lengthy struggle, and, having attained recognition, set us wondering as to the inception and growth of the idea.

But whether an idea be meteor-like in its progress or the reverse, it is well to know what we may of its birth and history in order that our judgment may not suffer an aberration.

Particularly is this needful when confronted by a new idea which has achieved a sudden popularity. "Popular" movements are notoriously infectious, even to the well-balanced mind. One has little desire to be caught in the

swirl of a passing "craze." Hence the basic idea of an extensive popular movement must be subjected to the closest scrutiny. If it be intrinsically sound it will easily maintain itself against the most critical inquiry.

This, I am confident to affirm, is the case with that remarkable new movement, "Pelmanism," which has been occupying so considerable a share of public attention these past months. In a surprisingly brief space of time "Pelmanism" has become the focus of all the hopes of all the more enterprising units of the community. Every form of human ambition struggling to express itself in effective action—from the clerk with his humble aspiration for higher wages, up to the professional man or the public official keen to increase his efficiency, or the educationist aiming at a greater measure of intellectuality—these in their thousands have sought and found in "Pelmanism" possibilities which are, apparently, only limited by the extent to which the system is applied.

It is the diversity, more than the mere number of men and women who have adopted Pelmanism that arrests the attention. I cannot recall any similar movement which has so successfully enlisted the sympathies and served the interests of such various sections of the community. But much has been written around this attractive feature of "Pelmanism," and I do not propose to enlarge upon it at this point. My present purpose is to give some account of the birth and growth to maturity of this "idea"—mind-training—which is admittedly doing so much to widen the mental horizon and develop the potentialities of so many thousands of men and women in this country.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "PELMANISM."

Disregarding the numerous legends which pretend to relate the history of the Pelman Institute, I sought my facts at the fountain-head—the founder of the Institute.

The Pelman Institute has long outgrown its quarters at 4, Bloomsbury Street, and several extensive suites of rooms have been acquired for the accommodation of the staff in neighbouring buildings, but the administrative offices of the Institute remain in the familiar old Georgian house in which Pelmanism may be said to have been born.

The Administrative Offices of The Pelman Institute at 4 Bloomsbury Street

Number Four Bloomsbury Street is an interesting "Adams" house, and contains two very fine ceilings by that master; and, I may add in passing, it is averred on the strength of tradition that a sister of Hogarth's once occupied the house, which still retains its quaint eighteenth-century atmosphere.

Here, during recent months, have come many hundreds of notabilities in all spheres of life—men high in the Army and Navy, in political and social life, in Government circles, and in professional, business, and educational worlds. Visitors upon a recent morning included a Canon, a Physician, the Master of a famous public school, two Colonels, a Doctor, a Civil Engineer, two Captains, five or six naval and military Lieutenants, a Solicitor, and several business men and women, besides the Commandant of a Camp who had come to arrange for the enrolment of nearly 200 men under his command.

The Governor of a Bank, a Marquis, and a Doctor of Philosophy were callers upon another occasion. Number Four Bloomsbury Street could boast of its visitors if it could speak. And these, of course, leave out of account the hundreds who enrol by post every day of every week.

I had these interesting facts communicated to me in the course of my conversation with Mr. W. J. Ennever, the Founder and President of the Pelman Institute.

"But how, and when," I asked, "did this idea of a complete system of scientific mind-training first occur to you?"

"It would be difficult to say. Pelmanism is not the result of a sudden inspiration, but rather the fruit of gradual evolution. Nearly twenty-five years of slow and careful experimental work has gone in the upbuilding of the Pelman System.

"The idea, as it existed in my mind at the first, was in a more or less nebulous form. When I started the Pelman 'School' (as it was originally called) somewhere in the 'nineties, I cannot say that I had definitely formulated the idea of Pelmanism as it exists to-day. It would be manifestly absurd to do so because the Pelman System represents the response to a demand of the nature and extent of which I only vaguely guessed the existence twenty-five years ago.

"To-day we know that amongst all classes—from the University man down to the product of the elementary school—there exists a need for the mental equivalent of physical training.

"But the precise nature of that need was not seen then; neither had the public—speaking generally—that confidence in the possibilities of mental development by mental drill that it has to-day, for the reason that the overwhelming evidence which the Pelman Institute can now produce was not then forthcoming.

"So our probationary years were doubly handicapped. We contented ourselves with accumulating knowledge and experience; for it was my desire to build solidly.

THEORY—AND PRACTICE.

"The science of mind-training is over-ridden by theories. Almost every psychologist has his own theory, and most of them are exceedingly plausible. But our work is essentially practical, and every theory had to be made the subject of careful experiment and test. We had to prepare ourselves to meet the everyday needs not only of an enormous number of men and women, but also of a great diversity of people. Vague generalities were useless; hard-and-fast rules were useless. We set ourselves to discover what I may term 'bed-rock' principles—principles which were common to every type of intellect, and which could be adapted to suit the case of any individual. That is why to-day you find the students of the Course writing to say, 'This Course appears as though it had been written specially for me.' The remark—and it is often made—speaks volumes for the Pelman Course.

"I gradually drew together an able staff of psychologists and teachers. Wherever I found a man—or a woman—with the true psychological mind, I enlisted him or her for the work. At the present time we have over a score of highly-trained specialists upon our instructional staff, including graduates of all the principal Universities, and we are always adding to that staff.

[*Note.—A list of the principal Members of the Advisory Board and the Instructional Staff of the Institute appears on p. 23.*]

"But to come back to the basic principles of the Course," proceeded Mr. Ennever, "we culled freely from all sources. Every psychologist of any standing has, in this way, contributed something to the Pelman System, and the whole is completed by the results of our own 25 years of practical experience of the needs, and problems, and capabilities and undeveloped powers of every class of men and women; experience which I am entitled to say is unique."

It is a fine tribute to the soundness of the Pelman Course that even psychologists and those who have made a special study of psychology as a science can find something to learn from the Pelman System; whilst, on the other hand, thousands of people who would certainly never study psychology as a science have, through Pelmanism, been enabled to apply, with direct benefit, the practical findings of psychologists in their own everyday needs and problems.

THE BRITISH BRAIN.

The War has, of course, quickened the consciousness of a mental deficiency amongst all classes. As a nation and as individuals we are all "being put to it." More, much more, is being demanded of us every day of our lives than prior to 1914. This probably accounts for the quickened interest in the Pelman Course, which affords the means of "speeding up" to the required standard of efficiency without overstraining the "human machine," as Mr. Arnold Bennett so happily terms it. Indeed, a very considerable number of Pelmanists comment upon the astonishing ease with which they are now able to cope with much heavier work and graver responsibilities than they had previously believed themselves capable of undertaking.

The result, in short, demonstrates that the British brain, when properly disciplined and developed, is still the world's finest brain. The easy times of peace no doubt encouraged a spirit of slackness, and foreign critics were quick to make the most of that undeniable fact. But, thanks to Pelmanism, the British brain is asserting itself and is regaining its position of predominance. As a well-known business man once said, "A Pelman-trained nation would be irresistible."

The work of the Pelman Institute is not confined to these islands: It is permeating every corner of the British Empire. The "idea" born in a Bloomsbury house has extended its conquests to every quarter of the globe.

It was remarked, just previously, that the staff of the Pelman Institute includes graduates of all the great Universities. Here is a list of the principal members of the staff:—

Founder and President: W. J. ENNEVER.

Director of Instruction: T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

Acting Advisory Board:—

C. J. MEAD-ALLEN, M.A. (Oxon.)
J. BUTLER BURKE, M.A. (Cantab. and Dublin).
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MORLEY DAINOW, B.Sc. (Lond.).
EUSTACE MILES, M.A. (Cantab.) (Physical Section).

The Staff of Instructors includes the following:—

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M. B. ROE, A.C.P.
A. T. SOLLOWAY, B.A. (Lond.).
A. BERESFORD THOMPSON.
W. TURNER, B.A. (Lond.).

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Nearly 25,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by eighty-three admirals and generals. The mere fact that such a large number are studying the Course, in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which "Pelmanism" is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which generals

send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee for one or more of their N.C.O.'s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the war is over and the soldier or sailor returns to civil life.

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists—these have all enrolled in large numbers, and have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work.

"PELMANISM" IN BUSINESS.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, by *eight members* of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse-manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question, "Is it worth while?"

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW *who sends a postcard applying for same to The Pelman Institute,* 181, *Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.* 1.

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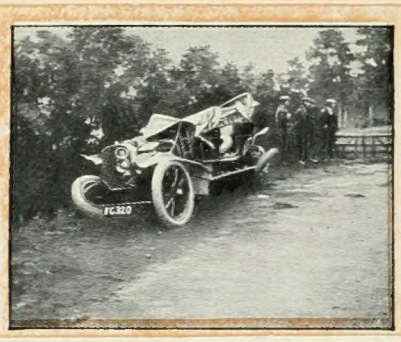

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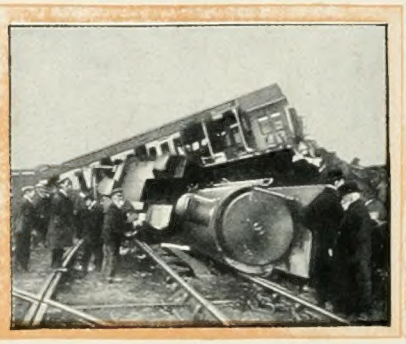

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